THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XI. NO. 43 CHICAGO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLAINE SPEAKS.

He Declares That No Sensible Man Should Want a Change of Administration.

Also Pays a Graceful Compliment to Patrick Egan, the Chilian Minister—Mr. Egan's Remarks.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Oct. 15.—James G. Blaine last night raised his voice in support of Republican principles, as he has done in every campaign for thirty years. He spoke to the neighbors of his host, Whitelaw Reid, and through them to the whole country. What he had to say was brief, but it was enough to show that his devotion to the party with whose history his own career is interwoven is undiminished. It is probably the last occasion on which the great leader will address the public on political issues. Only the intense desire to leaving nothing undone which would present the issues clearly to the country caused him to forego the privilege of retirement from public life and appear as an advocate of the political party whose supremacy he believes so essential to the welfare of the nation. His own ambition for public honors is satisfied, but he believes that the interests at stake in this campaign are too vital for him to keep silence when a word may encourege a single faltering Republican. Mr. Reid's neighbors around Ophir farm thought that they might properly pay honor to Mr. Blaine, and they did so last evening. The farm lies between the villages of Rye and White Plains, and is accessible to nearly all of Westchester county. Last night it looked as though the whole county had turned out to give Mr. Blaine a welcome, and Mr. Reid's home was thrown open for the reception or serenade. A number of guests had come up rom New York to dine with Mr. Blaine. They included Chauncey Depew, ex Collector William H. Robertson, Garrett A. Hobart, William Brookfield, C. W. Hackett, William A. Hahn, Solomon Hirsch, ex-Minister to Chili; and R. C. Kerens.

After the dinner the Westchester neighbors were received, and it was in response to their warm greeting that Mr. Blaine stepped out on the porch and made his response. He began without any flourish of words, briefly declaring his convictions why no sensible man in New York, of all places, should want a change of administration. From this he proceeded to a pithy discussion of the reasons why the Republican policy and the Republican administration should be upheld in the coming election. Mr. Blaine said:

FELLOW CITIZENS OF NEW YORK: I should be churlish indeed if I did not make response to your call after you have come several miles to this beautiful home of Mr. Reid on a pleasant October evening. At the same time I am not making speeches in the canvass, for reasons which are well known to my friends, and which have no connection whatever with politics. Generally administrations in a Presidential election are challenged on account of the condition of the business of the country, and I submit that the Republican administration of President Harrison can triumphantly endure such a test. I doubt if since the government of the United States was instituted any body, at any time has seen what we call good times so general, taking in so many interests and spreading prosperity throughout the domain of trade. I might appeal to New York if the city has ever passed a season more satisfactorily in financial results than for the past two years, in which the general effect on capital and labor has been more prosperous. The opponents of the Republican party always represent New York as a commercial city and not a manufacturing one, and yet the product of the manufacture of this city alone is $700 000,000 Anything that would cripple that great interest would cripple the Metropolis seriously and to a very hurtful extent. More men in New York get their living from pursuits protected by the tariff than from any other source. I know New York is the center of our commerce, the great entrepot of our trade, but all the men engaged in commercial affairs in and about New York are smaller in numbers than the men engaged in manufactures. Now if you go West, where the Democrats this year are making considerable effort and doing a vast amount of boasting, will you find it different? Take Ohio; take Michigan; take Indiana; take Illinois, and the products of manufactures are greater in pecuniary amount than the products of agriculture in those four great agricultural States, so that I think when it happens to Democratic orators who are on the wing trying to arouse the hostility of these States against the protective tariff they will encounter a sentiment of which they have not dreamed.

We learn from the Democratic party that these Western States are in a desperate condition. The amount of their farm mortgages rolls up into millions. You would suppose it fabulous that the amount of money they embrace could ever have been so invested. This is not so among the farmers in New York. It is not so among the farmers of New Jersey; it is not so among the farmers of Connecticut; it is not so among the farmers of Pennsylvania. It is not so among the farmers of any State near by whose condition can be easily learned, but by a singular fatality it is the Western States that have got all these farm mortgages burdening them and taking the life out of the people. I do not like to state that gentlemen have voluntarily misrepresented the facts, but before accepting them as such you will do wisely and well to demand the proof. The tariff, so the Democratic papers say, is the origin of a plutocratic government, when wealth shall rule and poor men shall not get their rights. I shall venture to challenge all statements of that kind, and I shall make the Democratic accusers the judges in the case. A careful examination of the list of wealthy men in the country has been published and has demonstrated the fact to be quite the reverse to such an extent, indeed, that in the city of New York, taking the first 150 great fortunes, not three, not two, not more than one, would be considered as derived from manufacturing investments.

I have a word to say about the Irish vote. I see it is stated that the Democrats boast of having the mass of them in their ranks this year. It is one of the mysteries of our politics that a question which interests England so supremely, which is canvassed almost as much in London as it is in New York, should have the Irish vote on the side of Great Britain. If the Irish vote were solidly for Protection they could deny all the machinations of the Democratic party for Free Trade and throw their influence on the side of the home market of America against the foreign market of England. I know this appeal has been frequently made to the Irish voters, but I make it with emphasis now, for I am unwilling to believe that with light and knowledge before them they will be deliberately on the side of their former oppressors. I think I shall rely on my good friend Egan, the brilliant and successful Minister to Chili—whom I feel especially glad to meet at Mr. Reid's table this evening.—I think I must rely upon him to intercede with his countrymen, his countrymen in two senses, not to aid the Democratic party in lowering the standard and the wages of American labor by their potential votes and their potential numbers.

At every point made by Mr. Blaine the auditors cheered, and when he finished the assemblage broke out in great applause. When quiet was restored Minister Egan was introduced He said:

"There is an unwritten law of our Department of State which prevents me from entering, as much as I would like to, upon the question Mr. Blaine mentioned in connection with my name. As to the Chili matter I can safely say I endeavored to carry out what I considered to be the principles of the Republican party, the principles of civilization. When the difficulty arose with regard to the surrounding of the legation by Chilian police and Chilian troops, and when I reported that fact to the Department of State, I was not left long in doubt as to the policy of the United States government. (Applause.) I was promptly instructed to insist that the respect due to the Minister of the United States, be promptly and fully maintained.

"Again, when the unfortunate affair of the Baltimore occurred, I received a ringing dispatch from the Department of State, instructing me to write a note to the Chilian government. I wrote it in the very words of these instructions and I was immediately abused because my language was violent and vulgar and undiplomatic. (Laughter.) I have since learned that that dispatch came from the highest authority in the land. (Applause.)

"I carried out my instructions, and whatever triumphs have been won in this Chilian difficulty—and they are very far-reaching, because the attitude assumed by my government has taught the lesson to all South America, that while the United States is willing to pursue a policy of aid and protection if it becomes necessary against European intervention, the people in South America cannot insult the United States flag—whatever triumphs have been won in that respect, I say, are due to the administration which I had the honor to represent." (Great applause.)

Following the Minister to Chili an address was made by Chauncey Depew. After the speaking the serenaders were entertained in the house by Mr. and Mrs Reid, assisted by Mr. Blaine. Mr. Depew, Minister Egan, Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Hackett.

Father Hodnett Honored.

The Rev. Father Hodnett, the pastor of St. Malachy's church, Walnut street and Western avenue, was the recipient of many congratulations on Wednesday of last week, the octave of his silver jubilee. The parsonage was crowded with members of the cloth, who came to pay their respects. The Rev. J. M Cartan, pastor of Nativity church, in behalf of the priests of the archdiocese of Chicago, read an address in which the fidelity of Father Hodnett to the church was extolled Father McGrath then presented a purse of $1,000 to the reverend priest, who responded by expressing his surprise at the spontaneous outflow of esteem and respect for him. The remainder of the evening was passed in speech-making, interspersed with patriotic songs. The gathering was one of cheer and joy and one which the Chicago Catholic clergy will long remember. Father Hodnett having always been known for his zeal in charitable and educational work, the laity joined heartily in this mark of affection expressed toward him.

That Dear Old Word, Good-by,

Is a mighty sad one when it is the parting salutation between friends whom thousands of miles of salt water are about to separate. Mariners, buyers in foreign lands for heavy houses, commercial travelers who have made many trips across the stormy Atlantic, think little of an ocean voyage, but to the first voyager the initial trip is a momentous affair. Sea sickness is to be expected as a matter of course. How to prevent it? The finest remedy and preventive of the nausea provoked by the tossing of a vessel, the jarring motion of the screw of a steamship, or of a locomotive train, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, pronounced by sea captains, ship doctors, tourists, travelers and emigrants the finest stomachic and best defense against ailments of the bowels, digestive organs and liver in existence Malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble and debility are remedied by it.

To make the hair grow a natural color, prevent baldness, and keep the scalp healthy, Hall's Hair Renewer was invented, and has proved itself successful.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

Another example will finish the subject of alms. At a meeting of the Irish Confederation, it was determined to pass a resolution of thanks to those foreign nations, especially the Americans, who would have fed our people if they could only have reached them through the English government. As many English people had also contributed largely, it was thought right to pass a vote of thanks even to them also; and to me was assigned by the committee the duty of moving this latter resolution; a delicate task, which was discharged in these words, as they appear in the newspaper report:

"I have to move, sir, another vote of thanks for alms. We have thanked the kind citizens of that friendly country beyond the Atlantic; we have now to thank, heartily and unfeignedly to thank those benevolent individuals who have sent us relief from the hostile country of Great Britain. There is many a generous heart and many an open hand in England; and if you look into the lists of contributors to our relief funds you will find large remittances, both from individuals and from congregations of every sect in England, which may put to shame the exertions of Irishmen themselves. There are among these, you may be sure, innumerable kind hearted people, charitable women and hard-working tradesmen, who have contributed according to their means, and without a thought of self interest, to feed the hungry and reprieve the dying. Shall we not discriminate between the rulers who have conspired to keep from us the use of our own resources, and these good people who have ministered to us out of theirs? In an assembly of Irishmen such questions need not be asked Cordially, heartily, and unreservedly, we thank them Now, sir, I wish I could stop here—I wish our thanks could be disencumbered of all ungracious restrictions, as in the case of America; but here is a very obvious distinction to be taken; and it is necessary there should be no mistake. Americans give us the produce of their own industry and energy. We have no claim upon them; America never wronged us, never robbed us; no American ever sought, save by fair competition, to ruin our trade that his might flourish; America has not the spending of our rents and revenues; Americans do not thrive by virtue of our beggary, and live by our death; Americans do not impose upon us laws that breed famine and pestilence, nor locust swarms of officials that exasperate famine and pestilence. In your thanks to the Americans let your whole hearts go with them. Let your acknowledgments be as ample and unconditional as their generosity (hear, and loud cheers). They have laid us under an obligation; and if Heaven be good to us it shall be discharged (loud cheers). But Englishmen, sir, can well afford to give Ireland alms out of the spoils of Ireland. They are rich, and may well be generous, because we have been such fools as to let them have our bread to eat and our money to spend for generations; because we have consented to use everything they can make, and to make little or nothing for ourselves; because we have sacrificed our tradesmen's wages, and our peasant's lives to the insatiable spirit of English—commerce, let me call it; beggars must keep a civil tongue in their heads. Let me not be told that it is ungracious upon such an occasion to speak of the wrongs that England has done us. Sir, it is just upon such an occasion that it is needed most. Irishmen have been taught to look so long to England as the ruler and disposer and owner of all things Irish, that we absolutely scarce know our own plunder when the plunderers send a small pittance of it back to us in the form of alms And let us be just; if we, in the depth of our distress, in the warmth of our gratitude, are almost forced to forget out of what funds these English alms are drawn, can we wonder if Englishmen forget it too, or even if they never knew it?—simple, exemplary country clergymen, benevolent women, ever prompt to do good; honest, industrious tradesmen, who have learned their own handicraft, and little else,—can we believe that these people so much as know how their government cared for them in times long past, at our expense; how provision was made to bring them over the rental of Ireland, to flow through the channels of English trade, enriching everybody as it passed; how Irish manufacturers were broken down by systematic laws, in order that Englishmen might weave our wool into cloth, might clothe us from head to foot, yes, to the very buttons, in fabrics of their making, and keep us raising food wherewithal to pay them? No; let it not be supposed that I mean to derogate from their merits, or to limit our thanks, when I tell them that, whether they know it or not, they are living upon Irish plunder, that, although the loss of one crop be a visitation from Heaven, Irish famine is a visitation from England—that the reason why we want relief, and they can give it, is just that our substance has been carried away, and that they have it. For every well paid tradesman of Birmingham and Leeds there is a broken tradesman pining in the garrets of Dublin, or begging his bread in the streets of Cork. The well-fed laborer who sits down to his dinner in England never thinks that he is devouring whole families in Ireland. Ay, the very charitable spinster annuitant or fundholder, who hastens to send her mite to Ireland, little dreams, as she draws her quarter's dividend, that she is drawing the marrow from the bones of starving wretches in Kerry or Donegal. Hereafter, if Englishmen desire to benefit Ireland, let them know that the greatest charity they can do us, is to make their government take its hand out of our pockets—its harpy claws off our tables. Let them compel it to draw off its commissioners, and its tens of thousands of gentlemanly officials, who swarm over the land, and eat up every green thing. Finally, let them make it restore that protecting legislature out of which it foully and fraudulently swindled us for their advantage. Let them do that, and we shall not need their alms for the future. But, my friends, you cannot expect that Englishmen will do all that for us. We must ourselves rescue our industry and redeem our lives from foreign oppression; we must banish the officials—we, we must Repeal the Union. We must repay their charity by raising ourselves above their charity—repay their charity by refusing them our food, and refusing them our custom—repay their charity by burning everything that comes from England, except coal—repay their charity by enabling ourselves to give them charity when they come to need it (loud cheers)."

I will only add that, during this year, coroners' juries in several counties repeatedly, on inquests over famine-slain corpses, found upon their oath verdicts of "Wilful murder against John Russell, commonly called Lord John Russell."

Let no American ever believe, therefore, for the future (what the English press has diligently inculcated), that our people, when smitten by famine, fell a-begging from England, or from America either; or wonder when he meets with Irishmen ungrateful for the "relief measures;"—and, above all, if Ireland should again starve (as she is most likely to do), and should still be under British dominion—let America never, never send her a bushel of corn or a dollar of money. Neither bushel nor dollar will ever reach her.

CHAPTER XV.

In February, 1847, and amid the deepest gloom and horror of the famine, O'Connell, old, sick and heavy-laden, left Ireland, and left it forever. Physicians in London recommended a journey to the South of Europe; and O'Connell himself desired to see the Pope before he died, and to breathe out his soul at Rome in the choicest odor of sanctity. By slow and painful stages he proceeded only as far as Genoa, and there died on the 15th of May.

For those who were not close witnesses of Irish politics in that day—who did not see how vast this giant figure loomed in Ireland and in England for a generation and a half—it is not easy to understand the strong emotion caused by his death, both in friends and enemies. Yet, for a whole year before, he had sunk low, indeed. His power had departed from him; and in presence of the terrible apparition of his perishing country, he had seemed to shrink and wither. Nothing can be conceived more helpless than his speeches in Conciliation Hall, and his appeals to the British parliament during that time; yet, as I said before, he never begged alms for Ireland; he never fell so low as that; and I find that the last sentences of the very last letter he ever penned to the association still proclaim the true doctrine:

"It will not be until after the deaths of hundreds of thousands, that the regret will arise that more was not done to save a sinking nation.

"How different would the scene be if we had our own parliament—taking care of our own people—of our own resources But, alas! alas! it is scarcely permitted to think of these, the only sure preventatives of misery, and the only sure instruments of Irish prosperity."

Let me do O Connell justice; bitter and virulent as may have been the hatred he bore to me in his last days of public life. To no Irishman can that wonderful life fail to be impressive,—from the day when, a fiery and thoughtful boy, he sought the cloisters of St. Omers for the education penal laws denied him in his own land, on through the manifold struggles and victories of his earlier career, as he broke and flung off, with a kind of haughty impatience, link after link of the social and political chain that six hundred years of steady British policy had woven around every limb and muscle of his country,—down to that supreme moment of the blackness of darkness for himself and for Ireland, when he laid down his burden and closed his eyes among the palaces of the superb city, throned on her blue bay. Beyond a doubt, his death was hastened by the misery of seeing his proud hopes dashed to the earth, and his well-beloved people perishing; for there dwelt in that brawny frame tenderness and pity soft as woman's. To the last he labored on the "Relief Committees" of Dublin, and thought every hour lost unless employed in rescuing some of the doomed. The last time I saw him he was in the relief committee rooms, in Dame street, sitting closely muffled, in a chair, as I entered and found myself opposite to him and close by. Many months had gone by since we had spoken, and he had never mentioned me or any of my friends in that time with out bitter reproaches. To my lowly information, I received in reply a chilling, stately bow, but no word.

Readers already know my estimate of his public character and labors. He had used all his art and eloquence to emasculate a bold and chivalrous nation; and the very gratitude, love and admiration which his early services had won, enabled him so to pervert the ideas of right and wrong in Ireland, that they believed him when he told them that constitutional "Agitation" was Moral Force—that bloodshed was immoral—that to set at naught and defy the London "laws" was a crime—that to cheer and parade, and pay Repeal subscriptions, is to do one's duty—and that a people patient and quiet, under wrong and insult is a virtuous and noble people, and the finest peasantry in the universe. He had helped the disarming policy of the English by his continual denunciation of arms, and had thereby degraded the manhood of his nation to such a point that to rouse them to resistance in their own cause was impossible, although still eager to fight for a shilling a day. To him and to his teaching, then, without scruple, I ascribe our utter failure to make, I do not say a revolution, but so much as an insurrection, two years after, when all the nations were in revolt, from Sicily to Prussia, and when a successful uprising in Ireland would have certainly destroyed the British Empire, and every monarchy in Europe along with it. O'Connell was, therefore, next to the British government, the worst enemy that Ireland ever had,—or rather the most fatal friend. For the rest, no character of which I have heard or read was ever of so wide a compass; so capable at once of the highest virtues and the lowest vices—of the deepest pathos and the broadest humor—of the noblest generosity and most spiteful malignity. Like Virgil's oak tree, his roots stretched down towards Tartarus, as far as his head soared towards the heavens; and I warn the reader, that whose adventures to measure O'Connell must use a long rule, must apply a mighty standard, and raise himself up, by a ladder or otherwise, much above his own natural stature.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Postmaster Foster of Lubec, Me., writes that after the Grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla brought him out of a feeble, nervous condition, into complete strength and health.

Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient yet easy action.

HARD TO PLEASE.

A Young Lady Who Has Just Started Out as a Public Reader Complains Bitterly of Her Audiences.

Beneficial Results of the Cholera Fright—A Lady's Ghostly Visitor—"Eleanor Kirk's Idea."

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Oct. 17.—A letter from a young lady in Denver, Col., who has lately started out as a public reader, is most entertaining. She complains bitterly that her audiences care more for the broadly funny, or the tenderly pathetic, than for anything else she can give them. A selection must be intensely dramatic or side-splittingly comical to make any impression. Then she is greatly perplexed on account of the impossibility of this desirable literature to keep her audiences enthusiastic.

It must be hard, and it is too bad that there is not more of the right sort of things written for such occasions. I would say to my correspondent and others who are perplexed on this subject, that there is a poem in the October *Lippincott*, by Charles H. Pearson, called "The Prayer Cure in the Pines," which will be a valuable acquisition to their programmes. It will take a long time for such a poem to become a chestnut, for like all genuine inspirations it is full of divine as well as human nature, and is pure, helpful, sustaining, smile begetting, and soul-heartening. There isn't a flaw in rhyme or metre, and any person who can read anything, and who can feel what he reads, will be able to render these remarkable verses acceptably. I have no acquaintance with the poet, and this offering to genius is as heartfelt as it is unsolicited and unexpected.

The cholera fright has proved an inestimable blessing to this country. It has awakened even the stupid and the ignorant to the necessity of clean bodies and sanitary surroundings. A Bellevue physician informed me the other day that no person unconnected with a public hospital or a public prison could have the slightest idea of human nastiness. The stories he told of the baths that were given to remove the crusts of years were too awful to be repeated. A day or two later a Boston gentleman inquired if it was true that physicians and nurses used Pearline for bathing some of their patients. I was enabled to answer in the affirmative, and for such purposes there is nothing under the sun so thorough in its effect or so vitalizing than a handful of this pure and cleansing stuff in a bath tub of warm water or a little in a sponge bath. This cleanser has been used in great quantities in the lower bay for the last month with the best results. One Russian emigrant who was scrubbed with it told the doctor with a happy laugh, that he had "found a new skin." There are some Americans who could spend time profitably in getting down to the healthy cuticle, for it is a sad fact that much of our bathing is a very superficial process.

A lady from Detroit writes that she is visited every night by a ghost. In other words, a tall figure, whether a man or a woman she cannot tell, as the head and shoulders are covered with a mantle. The presence stalks in at exactly 12 o'clock, advances to a desk at the opposite side of the room, stands a minute, and then with a wave of the hand in the direction of the bed, passes out as silently as it has entered. The family laugh at this story, but no member of it can be induced to share the apartment for the night with a spook victim.

"I dare not say very much more about it," my correspondent adds, "for fear they will think me crazy. There is no other room in the house that I can occupy. Now what would you do?"

Well, I should brace up and give this nightly visitant a reception. I should say, if my teeth did not chatter too much—Dear Sir, or Madam, what do you want of me? If I can oblige you in any way, kindly let me know.

If the door doesn't open to let this caller out or in, and is locked against all human intrusion, there can be no danger of a burglarian encounter. It really seems to me as if I could and would have backbone enough to get to the bottom of this uncanny business. If I could not I would find another place to sleep, for whether a matter of the imagination or not, such experiences must be very detrimental to health.

To those who keep asking about my new paper, *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, I will say that it is a monthly periodical for women, and that its price is 50 cents per year. Every subscriber who comes in before the 1st of January will be entitled to an Astrological Character and Prophetic Reading, by naming the place of birth, sex, year, date and hour as nearly as possible. These delineations are quite remarkable, and are given by a Boston lady who is exceedingly popular and phenomenally correct.

ELEANOR KIRK,
No 698 Greene avenue.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S Fee, G. P. & T. A. N P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Le Caron's Self-Laudation.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—The reminiscences of Le Caron, the British spy, exhibit without the restraints imposed by the court the same egregious vanity and vainglorious boasting which characterized his evidence before the Parnell commission. He, his wife and accomplices were actuated by high and heroic motives, while his Irish dupes were base and sordid characters Everything is colored to bear out these theories.

For Americans the most interesting part of his story is that in which he describes an interview between President Andrew Johnson and Gen. O'Neill, at which he says he was present. The President, he says, told O'Neill that he sympathized with the Fenians and was willing to do all in his power to assist the Fenian movement. "You must remember," said President Johnson, "that I gave you full five days before issuing the proclamation stopping you In God's name, what more did you want? If you could not get there in five days, you could never get there. And then, as President, I was compelled to enforce the neutrality laws or be denounced on every side."

What Le Caron says of the Irish is a long-winded repetition of his evidence before the commission, served up to suit the most rabid Tory appetite.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des-Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 305 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Will You Go East This Fall?

If so it will be to your interest to fully acquaint yourself with the excellent train service now in effect between Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Boston and intermediate points, via the "Lake Shore Route." Through trains leave Chicago at 5:00 and 10:30 a. m., 3:10, 5:30, 7:45 and 11:30 p. m. The "Chicago and Boston Special" (10:30 a. m.) is the only complete train from Chicago through to New England. It has dining car serving meals the entire distance, is itself an excellent feature, and the equipment of the train throughout is of the very highest standard. The Chicago and New York Limited (5:30 p. m.) embodies all that is modern and novel in railway transport and has very appropriately been called "a perfect train." F. M. BYRON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 66 Clark st, C. K. WILBER, W. P. A., Chicago.

JOHN J. FITZGIBBON.

Full Text of the Sermon Preached by the Rev. T. O'Sullivan

At St. Patrick's Church, South Chicago on the Occasion of Mr. Fitzgibbon's Funeral.

Following is the full text of the sermon preached at the funeral of Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon by the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, which was unavoidably crowded out of last week's issue:

"O Death where is thy sting? O Grave where is thy victory?"

We are surrounded by mysteries; but the darkest enigma to human reason is death! Shall the soul of man—that "vital spark of heavenly flame"—be forever extinguished in the dark rolling river, or shall it "survive the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds"? Shall the noble temple of the body abide forever as a ruin in the dust, or shall it become a "house, not built with hands, everlasting in the heavens"? Who shall give us truth with certainty on this vital question? If you consult the pagan philosophies and religions of ancient or modern times you find contradiction and chilling doubt. Many of their wise men hold that the spirit of man is but a passing vapor, a bubble on the ocean of life. Even those who teach the soul's immortality propose as the worthy end of its existence naught but Elysian fields, Walhallas, or sensual paradises. And as to the resurrection of the body, most of the ancient sciolists, as well as modern agnostics, declare, with the Athenians—to whom it was preached by St. Paul—that it is impossible and absurd. Even among the people of God there were sects and teachers who held false views on these fundamental doctrines. Hence death has ever filled the pagan and unbeliever with gloom and sadness. At the festal boards of the ancients reclined a grimmy skeleton, the more hideous because crowned with flowers.

At length the mysteries of the tomb are cleared up, its darkness illuminated by life and immortality. "The Word Made Flesh" came into the world, and by dying on Calvary and rising gloriously from the tomb "the first fruits of the dead" conquered death, "which is the wages of sin," made the Christian's grave a holy shrine for mortal remains—a trysting-place whence His saints, after a brief sleep, shall rise in power and glory to immortal life. He taught the world that the soul would never die; and that, when the scroll of time is rolled up forever, the bodies of those who sleep in the dust would rise again at the sound of the archangel's trumpet.

So important was this doctrine that the apostles in their preaching gave it the greatest prominence; and in their words it symbolized all the grand and consoling truths of Christianity! Very fittingly does the apostle of the Gentiles forbid the early Christians to mourn excessively over their dead as the pagans who had no hope; and the keynote of his exhortation was, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave where is thy victory?"

This blessed knowledge that our dead are still living as to the nobler part of their being, that their lifeless bodies will one day rise from their ashes, and that they are even now most probably cognizant of the tributes we pay them of our esteem and love,—this knowledge can alone assuage our grief and reconcile us to their departure. It is this Christian hope only that can give us consolation in the loss of an old and faithful friend, an affectionate husband, a loving father, a model citizen, so suddenly taken from our midst. As we pour the tears of sorrow on the altar of affection we rejoice, as Christians, that our deceased brother "has fought the good fight of faith," and that the "crown of justice" is within his reach.

If those who live and believe in Christ "shall not die," may we not comfort ourselves with the help that our well beloved friend has exchanged the sorrows of this vale of tears for the joys of paradise?

Did he not believe in Christ with all the strength of his mind? The faith which he inherited from pious ancestors, who suffered and bled for it through long centuries of persecution, he prized above all the treasures of earth. It was to him indeed "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." He often declared the evidences of Christianity were so irrefragable; this divine system so well adopted to reason, conscience and all the wants and aspirations of the heart and soul that the objections of unbelievers were of no more power than the snowflakes which fall on the granite; that, in fact, the more he examined the arguments of heretic or infidel the more clearly did he see their falsity, and the more deeply rooted did he become in his Catholic belief. The faith he successfully defended against all opponents whenever the occasion required, and yet with such charity and kindly feelings as to give no offense, and even gain the good will and esteem of his antagonists.

This faith was also the guiding and inspiring principle of his life; so that, as far as mortal ken can go, we have a moral certainty and assurance that he also "lived in Christ as he believed in Him." Descended from the royal race of the Geraldines and born in the "Golden Vale" of chivalric Tipperary, he inherited the best qualities of his ancestors. To the many natural virtues thus inherited grace added strength and fullness.

He was a lover of truth. God is truth; and the more clearly a man accepts the truth and loves the truth, the more god like and noble does he become. The friend we mourn was a truthful man in thought, word and act. He had the moral courage of his convictions. He detested hypocrisy, and despised that moral cowardice which turns its sails to the winds of passion, self-interest or prejudice. He was truly a lay confessor of his religion and conscience.

He was the soul of honesty, which is but the practical side of truth. One fact out of many will show that nothing could stain his "honor bright." During the administration of General Grant he could, as an excise officer, have made half a thousand dollars a week by allowing the government to be defrauded of its revenues; but he indignantly spurned the golden bribe, and resigned a lucrative position rather than be a party to such dishonesty.

He was a man of the strictest morality; and those intimate friends who saw into the deepest recesses of his heart knew that the integrity of his soul had never been tarnished by the noxious breath of temptation.

Patriotism, intense, self-sacrificing and true, was the characteristic virtue of his social existence. He loved his native land above money or place or life itself. His whole life was devoted to the alleviations of the suffering of his country, to an effort to break its chains—a country.

"More dear in its sorrow, its gloom, and its shame,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours."

In 1865 he resigned a good position to assist in organizing a Fenian army for the invasion of Canada the following year. I do not now speak of the wisdom or unwisdom of the movement. He was fully persuaded that the only way to rescue Ireland from the iron grasp of Great Britain was to attack the tyrant in her colonies and there organize such a fleet of privateers as would sweep her commerce from the seas, send men and munitions of war in the green isle, and thus enable his country to achieve her independence forever. His motto ever was—

"The hour is past to fawn and crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might."

To gain the sympathy of the powerful American republic as well as to gather campaign funds to fight the party of coercion and misrule in Great Britain and Ireland, he was one of the chief organizers in Chicago of those monster meetings which welcomed to our hospitable shores Charles Stewart Parnell and other able Irish members of the British parliament. He organized the Irish Literary Association, of which he was president from 1869 to 1877, for the purpose of elevating, enlightening and uniting the men of his race without distinction of creed or political views. A few days ago he told an intimate friend that he would be one of a committee to charter a steamer for an excursion to Dublin as soon as Irish Home Rule had been achieved, and that, having saluted the green flag floating proudly over College Green, he would, like Simeon, be ready to die in peace having seen the salvation of his country.

If his love of the land of his birth was so great, his love of the country of his adoption was no less intense. Away with the self styled patriots, in reality hypocrites, who declare that the citizen of foreign birth must forget the land where he first saw the light of day beyond the seas—the "cabin fast by the wildwood," the classic banks of Father Rhine, the vine clad hills of France, the sunny skies of Italy or the blood stained fields of Poland! If the plant which is removed to another soil must first lose its vitality, no care or nursing can restore its lost life and vigor. These pretended patriots would be the first to fly to Canada or to the protection of the Union Jack in times that try men's souls.

Early in life Mr Fitzgibbon had a strong friend in a Southern planter who might have made him overseer of his large plantation, and even adopted him into his own family if he would enter into his service; but the sturdy freeman declared that he would die before wielding the lash over the slave that he looked upon as his brother in Christ and his equal before God! Mr. Fitzgibbon at the beginning of the War of the Rebellion took two positions for which he struggled with all his might until he saw them secured—the union of the states, the freedom of the colored race! When he read the news of his brother's death on the field of Shiloh, "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "that my brother died in the cause of human freedom!"

John J. Fitzgibbon was a man of broad culture, of keen intellect and varied reading and an orator of no mean ability. His thirst for science was unbounded. He was wont to say that though we shall one day see all things clearly in the beatific vision of God, nevertheless the knowledge acquired in the flesh will prove for us a source of pride and pleasure in the great hereafter. In this he followed the teaching of St. Thomas.

To satisfy "the genial current of his soul" he came to America when a youth of 16, for he knew that in Ireland

The torch that would light men thro' dignity's way
Must be caught from that pile where their country expires.

After having learned a trade he entered the University of Notre Dame, Ind., in 1857, and paid for his board and tuition by the labor of his hands. Here he graduated with honor. The ablest panegyric ever pronounced in the classic halls of this institution on him who was "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen" was delivered by John J. Fitzgibbon during his collegiate career. He became Prefect of Studies and Professor in the College of St. Mary's of the Lake, Chicago, in 1863. He filled the editor's chair of the *Western Catholic*, in 1872 and 1873, with marked ability and success. In 1876 as the Alumni Orator of the Annual Commencement of Notre Dame University, he delivered a magnificent address on "Religion as the Basis of Education," and for its glowing eloquence, literary polish and correct theological, historical and philosophical views his effort won the admiration of all right minded men. In 1878 he delivered a lecture in Chicago on "Italian Art" that evinced the most profound research and refined taste.

His mind was of a philosophical bent and endowed with extraordinary powers of generalization. In all his studies of Art and Science he sought and mastered their fundamental principles. As a business man Mr. Fitzgibbon was characterized by frankness, punctuality and foresight. Some of the wealthy corporations of the city owe their existence in a great measure to his powers of organization. As president of the Calumet National bank he gave a new impetus to the development of the Calumet region, and gained the confidence and esteem of all the citizens of South Chicago.

He was a man of large and generous nature—with a big heart and open hand. For men of other creeds or nationalities he entertained the highest esteem and greatest charity, and was frequently in requisition as an orator at their social gatherings. As husband and father he was a model of love and affection. As a Catholic he professed his faith openly and practiced it faithfully.

He did not live to see the realization of his aspirations—the "Harp and Sunburst" floating proudly over the old Irish Houses of Parliament. But may he soon behold the glorious vision from the starry dome of heaven.

He has left us, but his memory will remain forever as green in our hearts as the bright verdure of his native Isle. Pray that a merciful God give him a place of refreshment, light and peace among His elect. Farewell dear Christian brother, we hope to soon meet thee again amid realms of light, where there is no death, no sorrow, no parting evermore. May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace! Amen.

COURAGE—1848.

BY MRS R. W. WILDE (SPERANZA).

Lift up your pale faces, ye children of sorrow,
The night passes on to a glorious tomorrow.
Hark! hear you not sounding glad Liberty's pæan
From the Alps to the Isles of the tideless Ægean?
And the rhythmical march of the gathering nations,
And the crashing of thrones 'neath their fierce exultations,
And the cry of humanity cleaving the ether,
With hymns of the conquering rising together—
God, Liberty, Truth! How they burn heart and brain—
These words, shall they burn—shall they waken in vain?

No—soul answers soul—steel flashes on steel—
And land wakens land with a grand thunder peal—
Shall we, oh! my brothers, but weep, pray, and groan
When, France reads her rights by the flames of a throne—
Shall we fear and falter to join the grand chorus?
When Europe has trod the dark pathway before us;
Oh, courage! and we, too, will trample them down—
The minions of power, the serfs of the crown.
Oh, courage, but courage, if once to the winds
Ye fling Freedom's banner, no tyranny binds.

At the voice of the people the weak symbols fall
And humanity marches o'er purple and pall,
O'er sceptre and crown with a glorious disdain,
For the symbol must fall and humanity reign.
Onward, then onward, ye brave to the vanguard,
Gather in glory round Liberty's standard.
Like France, lordly France, we shall sweep from their station
All, all who oppose the stern will of a nation;
Like Prussia's brave children we'll stoop to no lord,
But demand our just rights at the point of a sword.

We'll conquer, we'll conquer. No tears for the dying,
The portal to heaven be the field where they're lying,
We'll conquer, we'll conquer. No tears for the slain,
God's angel's will smile on their death-hour of pain.
On, on in your masses dense, resolute, strong,
To war against treason, oppression, and wrong;
On, on with your chieftains, and Him we adore most,
Who strikes with the bravest and leads with the foremost,
Who brings the proud light of a name great in story
To guide us through danger unconquered to glory.

With faith like the Hebrews we'll stem the Red Sea—
God! smite down the Pharaohs—our trust is in Thee;
Be it blood of the tyrant or blood of the slave,
We'll cross it to Freedom, or find there a grave.
Lo! a throne for each worker, a crown for each brow,
The palm for each martyr that dies for us now;
Spite the flesh of their muskets, the roar of their cannon,
The assassins of Freedom shall lower their pennon;
For the will of a nation what foe dare withstand?
Then patriots, heroes, strike! God for our land!

Most of the men employed in shipbuilding and the engineering trade of Belfast will receive notice of reduction in their wages, commencing from Nov. 1. There is no doubt that the shipbuilding trade is in a very slack condition. Many of the English and Scotch shipbuilders are building speculation vessels, and if the same expedient has to be resorted to in Belfast a reduction in wages is inevitable.

A dreadful accident, having a fatal result, befell Mrs. Gilbert, daughter of Mr. Mitchell Henry, near Kylemore, on Wednesday fortnight. While she was driving in a phaeton, the horse took fright in crossing a difficult bridge, and the lady was thrown over the parapet. Two hours afterwards her dead body was found below.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN].

Dúbhairt fear acu leis, "Bhfuil tú teacht linn anocht a Ghoillis?" "Táim go cinnte," ar Goillis. "Má táir, tar uait," ar san fear beag, agus amach leo uile go léir le chéile, ag marcuigheacht mar an ngaoith, nios luaithe ná na capaill is éadtroime a chonuire tú riamh ag fiadhach, agus nios luaithe ná an sionnach agus na gadhair ag a gcaibail.

An ghaoth fhuar ghleimbrídh do bhí rómpa do rug siad uirri, agus an ghaoth fhuar ghleimbrídh do bhí 'nna ndiaigh ní rug sí orra-san, agus atop na stad ní dheanadh siad de'n láthrith sin no go dtáinig siad go bruach na fairrge.

Dubhairt uile cheann acu ann sin—"Éirigh agus thart leat—éirigh agus thart leat," agus air an ómóid d'éirigh siad suas ann san aer agus sul do bhí am ag Goillis le cuimhnughadh cá raibh se, bhí siad shios air an talamh thirm arís, agus ag imtheacht mar an ngaoith. Sheas siad air deireadh agus dubhairt fear acu le Goillis, "A Ghoillis, bhfuil fhios agad cá bhfuil tú anois?" "Ní I," ar Goillis. "Tá tú 'sa Rómh, a Ghoillis," ar se, "agus támaoid le dul nios faide na sin. Tá ingean Righ na Fraince le bheith pósta anocht, an bhean is deise dá bhfaca an ghrian ariamh, agus caithfimíd ár nditheachloi dheunamh I do thabhairt linn féinma this linn, a fuadach air mlódh air bith, agus caithfidh tusa teacht linn, I riocht go g-cuirfimíd an ingbean óg suas air do cúl air an g-capall, 'nuair bhéidhmíd 'g á fuadach, mar nach dlisteanach dúinne é I do chur 'nna suidhe air ár g-cúl-ne, acht is fuil agus feoil thusa, agus tig léithe greim maith fhághail ort air mhódh nach dtuitfidh sí 'nuair chuirfimíd air an g-capall I. Bhfuil tu sásta, a Ghoillis, agus an ndeunfaidh tú a bhfuilmid ag rádh leat?" 'Cad chuige nach mbeidhinn sásta," ar Goillis, "tá me sásta go cinnte, agus rud air bith a dheurfaidh sibh-se liom a dheunamh, deunfaidh me gan ambrus é, acht cá bhfuilmid anois? cad é an áit I seo a dubhairt tú?" "Tá tú annsá Rómh anois a Ghoillis," ar san t-Sidheóg. Annsa' Rómh, aneadh! ar Goillis, "go deimhin agus gan bhréigh is maith liom sin. An Sagart-paráiste do bhí againne do bhí se briste tamall ó shoin, agus chaill sé a áit. Caithfidh me dul chum an Pháipa go bhfágh' me bulla uaidh a chuirfeas air ais é ann a áit fein arís." 'O a Ghoillis," ar san t-Sidheóg, "ní thig leat sin do dheunamh. Ní léisfidhear astesach annsa' bpálás thú; agus air mhódh air bith ní thig linne fanamhaint ann so puair atá tusa leis an b-Páps, tá deifir orrainn." "Oiread agus cos ní rachaidh me nios faide," ar Goillis, "go rachaidh me chum an Pháipa, acht tig libh-se dul air bhur n-aghaidh gan mise, má's maith libh é, acht ní eborródhaidh mise go rachaidh me chum an Pháipa, agus go bhfagh' me párdún mo shagart-paráiste uaidh." "A Ghoillis, an air dtheéilleann atá tu? ní thig leat dul ann, agus sin é d'fhreagradh anois duit, innsim leat nach dtig leat dul ann." "Nach, dtig libh-se dul air aghaidh agus mise d'fhághbháil ann so 'so 'na bhur ndiaigh," ar Goillis, "agus nuair thiocfaidh sibh air ais ann so nach dtiocfaidh libh an cailin árdughadh suas air mo chapaillsa air mo chúl?" "Acht béidh tu teastál uainn ag pálás Righ na Fraince," an san t-Sidheóg. "agus caithfidh tu teacht linn anois." "Diabhal cos," ar Goillis, "go bhfuighidh mé párdún an t-sagairt, an duine is macánta agus is greannamhia d'á bhfuil I n-Eirinn."

Labhair Sidheóg eile ann sin, agus dubhairt se, "ná bí chomh cruaidh sin air Ghoillis, tá'n buachaill cineálta, agus tá croidhe maith n-óige, agus mar nach maith leis teacht linn gan bhuila an Pháipa caithfidhmíd ár nditheachloi dheunamh le na fhaghail dó. Rachaid seisean agus mise asteach chuig an b-Pápa, agus tig libh-se fanamhaint linn, ann so."

"Mile buidheachas leat," ar Goillis, "tá me rádh le dul leat, agus an sagart so, is é an fear is greannamhla agus is spórtamhla air bith."

"Tá an fomarcuidh caint' agad, a Ghoillis," ar san t-Sidheóg, "acht tar uait anois. Tar anuas de'n chapall agus beir mo air láimh-se."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Oliver Herman, keeper of a dive in Marshfield, Mo., was arrested charged with attempting to burn the saloon and residence of H. G. Skramstadt of the town of Day.

The Indiana Natural Gas and Pipe Line company will remove its plant from Winamac to the Greentown gas fields and some point on Deep river, near the state line.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Sutherland, while sliding down the rail of a step at Racine, Wis., struck an iron rod, which went through his body. He cannot live.

The tending boys in the Vineland green glass works in New Jersey are out on a strike.

A strong, healthy woman instead of a tired and ailing one! Sounds like a miracle, doesn't it? But it isn't. It's only the ordinary, every-day work of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—just the work that it was made for.

It's a woman's medicine, carefully compounded for her by an experienced physician, and adapted to her delicate organization. It makes weak women strong, suffering women well. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and bracing nervine, and a certain cure for all the functional derangements, painful disorders or chronic weaknesses peculiar to the sex. For ulceration, displacements, bearing-down sensations, "female complaints" of every kind, it's a never-failing remedy.

And, among all the medicines that claim to help women, "Favorite Prescription" is the *only* one that's *guaranteed* to do what is promised for it. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in any case, you have your money back.

Is something else, that may pay the dealer better, likely to be "*just as good*" *for you?*

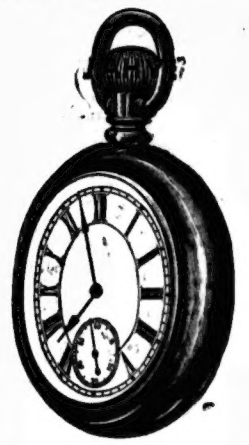
I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.



NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $30.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the finness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch really yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39, Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

WATTERSON ACCEPTS.

He Will Deliver the Dedicatory Oration

AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

President Palmer Invites the Kentucky Editor by Telegraph to Make the Speech and He Promptly Signifies His Willingness — Preparation Made for Illinois Militia in the Military Parade—What the School Children Will Do.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—Colonel Henry Watterson, the eloquent Kentucky editor-orator, will deliver the dedicatory oration next Friday at the manufactures building. The first suggestion of Colonel Watterson's name was made by a Chicago paper, and it was enthusiastically indorsed by President T. W. Palmer. About 11 o'clock Friday morning President Palmer sent the following telegram to Mr. Watterson:

"CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—TO THE HON HENRY WATTERSON: Unanimous decision of council of administration that you deliver address at dedicatory ceremony Oct. 21, in place of Mr. Breckinridge, declined. Your acceptance urgently desired. Please answer.
T. W. PALMER,
"President Commission."

A Quick Reply.

There was little delay on the part of Colonel Watterson to come to a decision. He only waited long enough to consult his friends and shortly after 5 o'clock President Palmer was made glad by the receipt of the following answer:

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 15.—The HON. T. W. PALMER, President of the Columbian Exposition: The time is exceedingly short and I greatly fear that I can prepare nothing adequate to the occasion, but the invitation with which you honor me comes, under the peculiar circumstances surrounding the case, as a command, and I act upon a sense of duty in accepting it.
"HENRY WATTERSON."

In the Light of a Duty.

There was general congratulation among World's fair officials when this telegram was made known. The selection of Mr. Watterson and his acceptance is particularly felicitous at this time, in view of the sentiment that manifested itself in Kentucky over Congressman Breckinridge's declination. In an interview Colonel Watterson accurately presented the situation. Said he: "I was taken completely by surprise by President Palmer's telegram, and my first impulse was to decline the invitation on the ground of insufficient time. After reflection and some consultation with friends, however, the matter presented itself to my mind in the light of a duty to the great exposition, in which from the first I have taken the deepest interest."

ILLINOIS MILITIA.

They Will Be in the Parade on Dedication Day.

After all the quibbles and contradictory announcements made from day to day during the past week concerning the participation of the Illinois militia, action was taken by the board Friday which positively assures the attendance of the state troops next week. This happy consummation was brought about by the adoption of a resolution introduced by Special Commissioner Thomas B. Bryan at the directors' monthly meeting. The resolution provided for the unconditional appropriation of $10,000 with which to pay the necessary expenses of mobilizing the troops for that occasion. Assurance was given to the directors by Mr. Bryan that General Fitz-Simons was certain the troops would be here if the necessary money for traveling expense were forthcoming. When the resolutions were put to a vote of the directors for adoption there was not a dissenting voice.

Chicago School Children.

One of the unique and interesting features of the civic parade will be the part taken by the children of the public schools. On each side of the government building will be 1,000 children ranging from 12 to 15 years of age, arranged and dressed to represent the American flag. In the procession there will be a regiment of 1,000 boys from the high schools. These boys are now being drilled by the physical culture teachers, and the day of the parade will be under the command of Professor Henry Scuder, the superintendent of physical culture in the Chicago schools.

Harrison Will Not Attend.

President Palmer received the following telegram Saturday morning from Secretary E. W. Halford:

"T. W. PALMER, President World's Columbian Commission, Chicago: The president will not be able to be in Chicago.
"E. W. HALFORD."

This now settles the matter so far as the president's attending the fair is concerned. Vice President Morton will now take the place of honor in the parade and be entertained by President Higginbotham.

World's Fair Finances.

Auditor Ackerman's report submitted to the board of directors Saturday shows that the total cost of construction to date has been $8,515,489. The ceremonies committee expended $96,306, including $77,000 for the abandoned floats for the procession of centuries. The contracts entered into by the exposition amount to $10,563,659, and there has been paid on them a total sum of $5,900,351, leaving a balance payable of $4,662,408.

Was Not a Smuggler.

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 17.—The steam tug Discovery was fired upon Friday by the United States steamer Wolcott while both vessels were off Port Angeles. The Wolcott had been on the lookout for four hours for a British opium smuggling steamer. The tug Discovery, which had just dropped the barkentine George C. Perkins outbound for San Francisco, was mistaken for a smuggler and chased by the Wolcott. The tug kept on her course not knowing that she was being pursued until a shot from a cannon was fired across her bows. She then hove to and was boarded by officers from the Wolcott. After a thorough search of the tug she was allowed to continue on her course to Port Townsend.

Convicted of Boodling.

TOLEDO, Oct. 17.—The jury in the case of James Daly, the first boodle councilman placed on trial, brought in a verdict of guilty Saturday forenoon. The jury occupied only thirteen minutes in electing a foreman and agreeing upon a verdict.

Some More Letters Coming.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—The letters of acceptance of candidates for vice presidents will be made public next week. Mr. Reid's letter will be ready Monday or Tuesday and General Stevenson's a day or two later.

JAEHNE RELEASED.

The New York Ex-Alderman at Liberty Once More.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—Ex-Alderman Henry W. Jaehne was liberated from Sing Sing prison at 6:30 o'clock Saturday morning. He had breakfast in his cell with the other convicts at an early hour, but did not march out to the shops with his companions as usual. He was taken to the state shop at 6 o'clock, where he was given a new dark suit of clothes, a pair of new shoes, a derby and a white shirt. After he was fitted out he went among his convict friends and bid them good-by. As he passed through the yard he shook hands with all the keepers who wished him good luck. He was then taken to the clerk's office in front of the prison.

Fooled the Reporters.

The clerk gave him his discharge papers, $93 he brought here with him, $23 the amount he earned while in prison, several small articles, his personal property, and a ticket to New York. He then bid the officials good by and went from the prison with Assistant Clerk Dillon to the Phoenix hotel. None of his friends were on hand to meet him. He took the 7:06 train for New York. Jaehne was seen by only a few, but he would not give them any information about his future plans. He said he was feeling good and that while he was confined in prison he was well treated by all of the officials. About twenty reporters from New York papers came here to see Jaehne, but he had left for New York before they arrived. It was thought that Jaehne would not be released until after 8 o'clock, but it was arranged to get him off early so that he might give the reporters the slip.

ARRESTS AT HOMESTEAD.

Superintendent Porter Heads Off Alleged Dynamitards.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 17.—Three strikers named Dugan, Clemens, and Gibson were arrested in the Homestead steel works Friday night. They were kept under a strong guard and taken to Pittsburg Saturday morning. Friday night the non-union men were scared by a report that some strikers were in the mill with dynamite. General Superintendent Potter was notified and a search begun. He first laughed at the report, but later got wind of something that made him keep his eyes open. One of the under superintendents reported having discovered three men acting suspiciously. Mr. Porter hunted them up and concluded to order their arrest. One hundred pounds of dynamite were purchased in Pittsburg by strangers some weeks ago, according to the statements of the Carnegie company's detectives. The bomb used at the Mansion house several nights ago is alleged to be part of this quantity.

DISASTER ON THE DEEP.

Only Twenty-three Saved from a Wreck in the China Sea.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship company's office in London has received the following dispatch from Hong Kong: "The Peninsular and Oriental steamship Bokhara has been totally wrecked. The vessel struck on a sand island of the group known as the Pecadores, or Fishers islands, called Pheng Hoo by the Chinese, in the channel of Fokien, in the China sea. The weather was terrible, and the raging waters quenched the fires on the steamer. The steamer became unmanageable and sank and the commander and a majority of the officers and crew were lost. Twenty-three person only were saved. It is feared that those who were lost were mostly Europeans. The steamship Ancona has proceeded to the scene of the wreck."

Dynamite Used at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 17.—An attempt was made Friday morning to blow up one of the East Cleveland Railroad company's street cars. It occurred on the Mayfield line, in a deserted part of the suburbs near the Garfield monument. A motor and trail car were approaching the city, when the wheels of the former struck a bottle that lay on one of the rails. A terrific explosion occurred and the motor car was thrown into the air about two feet, one of the forward wheels being blown off. There were no passengers and the motorman and conductor were not hurt. A discharged employe is suspected as the perpetrator of the deed.

Terrible Cutting Affray.

SILVER LAKE, Kan., Oct. 17.—This little village was the scene of a sensational affray Sunday afternoon, in which Ernest Long was fatally cut by Edward Gills. Both had been drinking and becoming involved in a quarrel, Long attempted to draw his pistol from his hip pocket. Gills was too quick for him and slashed him across the abdomen with a large knife. Long not realizing that he was hurt stooped to pick up a rock to throw at Gills, who was running away, when his intestines dropped out on the ground. Long's wound is mortal. Both are well-known young men of the place.

To Fine Absent Members.

PARIS, Oct. 17.—Several deputies have resolved to support in the chamber a measure fining absent members 10 francs a day, the amount of the fine to be deducted from their official salary. The measure is intended to reduce to a minimum the absenteeism from which the chamber has suffered serious embarrassment frequently in recent years.

Dismissed from the Regiment.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—Life Guardsman Marshall, who was convicted Oct. 12 of insubordination for having posted on the canteen in quarters at Windsor an alleged seditious article from The Star and writing above it, "Comrades, stick together," has been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment and dismissed from the regiment.

Congressman Enloe on His Muscle.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—A special to The World from Nashville, Tenn., says that Congressman Enloe knocked down John McDowell, candidate for the United States senatorship at a meeting in Paris Saturday and a duel may grow out of the fracas, which arose out of the lie being passed in a joint debate.

The Minor Election Law.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—The United States supreme court has affirmed the ruling of the Michigan state court in the case involving the constitutionality of the Minor election law. This decision is in favor of the Democrats.

Keystone Bank Dividend.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—The comptroller of the currency has declared a first dividend of 10 per cent. in favor of the creditors of the Keystone National bank of Philadelphia on claims amounting to $1,516,736.83. The bank failed March 20, 1891.

TALKED OF HER WORK.

Interesting Interview with Lady Henry Somerset.

TEMPERANCE QUESTION IN ENGLAND

Since the Recent Elections the Movement Has Received a Great Impetus—The British Branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Beginning to Realize Practical Results of Their Work —Drinking Habit Among Women.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—Lady Henry Somerset, the president of the British branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, and the leader of the prohibition movement in England, had a few moments between her engagements at the Hotel Brunswick to talk about her work. She came to America to attend the national

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

convention of the Temperance union at Denver, beginning Oct. 28 and lasting until Nov. 2, and incidentally to visit the World's fair dedication. She will leave on Wednesday for Chicago, accompanied by Miss Francis Willard, who has spent several weeks at Lady Somerset's castle near London.

"The temperance movement in England has received great impetus," said Lady Somerset, "since the recent elections, in which the politicians were forced to recognize it. The Liberals went so far as to incorporate in their platform a plank advocating temperance reform and the direct veto, which, practically, means prohibition.

Realizing Practical Results.

"Two members of the cabinet, John Morley and Sir William Harcourt, besides other prominent men, took an active interest in the temperance discussion. After twenty years of hard work we just begin to realize some practical results. We hope to get a bill through the next parliament granting to the districts in England the power to prohibit the sale of liquor and, with the aid of the Liberal party, I think we shall succeed. There is not a saloon in the great city of London without barmaids, of which there are fully 20,000. There is, I believe, more drinking and intoxication among the English women than among American women. In London it is a common thing to see quite respectable women of the middling class going in and out of saloons. In America this is a rare sight. Of course there is considerable tippling among prominent society women in England. Our Sunday closing law is inadequate, as an hour and a half in the forenoon and a similar period in the evening is the only time they are open for business. The trouble with your American laws is that they are not enforced and therefore become farcical. I think the reason of this is that you have too many aliens who are opposed to temperance. If you had to deal with native Americans I think you would find less trouble."

Petitions for Prohibition.

Lady Somerset was in America a few months ago and attracted considerable attention by her criticisms on American methods of dealing with the liquor question. She will have something more to say on that subject at Denver. She will sail for England Nov. 16 and revisit America next June to attend the Woman's International Congress and World's W. C. T. U., in connection with the Columbian exposition, and afterward make a tour of the world with Miss Willard. They propose to carry fifty petitions in polyglot language to present to all the governments asking for the prohibition of the alcohol and the opium trades, and for the more stringent enforcement of laws for the protection of women and children.

Lady Somerset is the daughter of Earl Somers and Countess Somers, and sister of the Duchess of Bedford. She possesses great wealth and a castle at Eassner, in Ledbury, near London. Lady Somerset is a politician, having sided with the Liberals and made forty speeches for them in the recent campaign. She is associated with Miss Willard in the editorship of The Union Signal, the organ of the Temperance union, and as a speaker she is described as gifted with the logic and eloquence of a genuine orator.

Cannot Hold Two Jobs.

OMAHA, Oct. 18.—The Union Pacific road will not allow its employes to take an active part in politics or hold office. Late last week L. H. Woodmansee and George Abbott, Republican nominees for the Wyoming legislature and W. G. Beird, Democratic nominee for the Wyoming senate, filed their resignations with the county clerk at Cheyenne. This was brought about by a request from the general office in this city that they either withdraw or resign their positions with the company. It is claimed at headquarters that politics and officeholding distract attention from railroad duties.

Killed by an Electric Shock.

MALEEN, Mass., Oct. 18.—Late Monday afternoon James Keating, a lineman, 26 years old, was at work on a pole containing an electric light, when the power was turned on. The current passed through his body, killing him instantly. The body was suspended in midair across the wires and the firemen had to be summoned to take it down.

Indemnity from Chili.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—The navy department Monday was placed in possession of the check for $75,000 sent to the state department by Minister Egan for indemnity to the sailors of the United States steamer Baltimore. The navy department has not decided how the fund will be allotted.

WANT MILITARY PROTECTION.

Governor Humphrey Calls on General Miles for Troops.

TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 18.—Governor Humphrey returned to the executive office Monday morning after having made a visit to Coffeyville, and addressed a letter to Major General Nelson A. Miles of the United States army, at Chicago, requesting that a company of United States cavalry be sent to the southern Kansas border for the protection of citizens from the remnant of the Dalton gang. The application for United States troops was made on the strength of the following petition presented to the governor and signed by the mayor and council of Coffeyville:

"The recent bloody affair with the Dalton bandits in this city and the more recent train robbery near Coffeyville on the night of Oct. 12, together with the reported presence of an unusual number of unknown persons bearing arms at several points in the Indian territory immediately south of the city, has had the effect of confirming the reports of a visit from living members of the gang and their sympathizers for the purpose of revenge and pillage.

Weary with Watching.

"Our citizens are wearied from watching and a feeling of intense uneasiness prevails in the community. The presence of a company of United States cavalry stationed at or near Coffeyville, with instructions to patrol the border and assist the civil officers in suppressing these lawless bands, would restore confidence, allay the fears of helpless women and children and lead to a renewal of business, which is now practically suspended. Please request the military authorities of the general government to furnish us this protection at the earliest possible moment."

In concluding his letter to General Miles Governor Humphrey says: "My interview with the local authorities and with many cool and level-headed citizens constrains me to the conclusion that if provisions can be made for the patrol of our southern border in the vicinity of Coffeyville by a company of cavalry the terror and anxiety of the citizens of Coffeyville and contiguous territory will be removed, their fears allayed and possibly a bloody and revengeful attack by the sympathizers of the Dalton gang prevented."

ANNEXATION QUESTION.

What the Toronto World Has to Say on the Subject.

TORONTO, Oct. 18.—An editorial in The World Monday, of which W. F. McLean, M. P., is proprietor, on the annexation question, says:

"Annexation cannot ever be without strife. A great majority of Canadians are built that way. They would sooner fight than be part of the United States. Not that they hate the United States, but they much prefer to be Canadians and of the British empire, or at least not hostile to the mother country, and hostile to that mother country they would have to become if they passed under the Yankee flag. The United States is full of tail twisters. The government of the United States goes into the tail twisting mania on frequent occasions and the conspiracy to dissever Ireland from England had its headquarters in the United States. These are hard and undeniable facts.

Free to Depart Peaceably.

"He, therefore, who is a Canadian and argues for annexation, is arguing for civil war; he is stirring up civil strife, and just as sure as annexationists persist in their present methods strife will come. When strife, civil strife breaks out, it breaks out unexpectedly and in unlooked for places, but it will come. Let these men then understand whither they are drifting. If they are wise they will cease their troubling or they will seek a place of rest under the flag they much belaud. They are free to depart peaceably to join in their much talked of exodus. But if they stop here and continue their treason and their promptings of madmen to do an over act they must take the consequences."

Novelty in Postal Delivery.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 18.—Tuesday morning Postmaster Barlow inaugurated a new and novel system of delivering letters in the city and suburbs. A small sized postal car, modeled on the pattern of the railway mail cars, has been built and placed on the St. Louis and Suburban Electric Railway line. The car will run between the main office and Cabanne, and will deliver and receive mail to and from carriers stationed at regular intervals along the line. This is the first attempt to distribute mail in this manner in this country and the success of the experiment is looked forward to with interest by postmasters generally.

Convict Insane Over Religion.

COLUMBUS, O., Oct. 18.—William Ferreter, a convict in the state penitentiary, suddenly appeared Monday evening in the study of the Rev. W. R. Dudley, chaplain of the prison, and told him the Lord had commanded him to offer up the chaplain as a sacrifice, as Abraham attempted to offer up Isaac. The chance arrival of a guard in the study probably saved the chaplain's life, as Ferreter had a knife which he was about to use as a weapon. Ferreter's insanity was sudden and came from religious excitement. He became so violent when seized by the guard that he died in a few hours in spite of the efforts of the prison physician.

Fatal Fire at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—Fire destroyed a block of buildings at Sixty-third and Wright streets early Tuesday. Twenty families are rendered homeless. One of the buildings was a hotel, and Mrs. Ada Butler, one of the guests, jumped from the third story window and was killed. The remains of John Howard were found in the bakery adjoining the hotel.

The box factory and planing mill of H. Paepcke & Co. was destroyed by fire Monday night, together with the greater part of the stock. The loss is estimated at $100,000.

Attempt to Burn a Theatre.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 18.—Two attempts were made Monday afternoon by persons unknown to destroy Pope's theatre building by fire. At 2:30 the janitor found a closet on the fourth floor, the door of which is commonly kept locked, but which had evidently been forced, was aflame. But the odor of smoke had scarcely died out at 4 o'clock, when the cry of fire was raised from the fifth floor, where the Knights of Pythias lodge room, which is also kept locked, was also found to be on fire. The loss was slight in both instances.

Celebration at Raleigh.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 18.—Raleigh was 100 years old Tuesday and celebrated the centennial by an elaborate street parade. The city was gaily decorated. There were thirteen divisions of the procession, which was a mile and a half in length.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Important Happenings Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

J. H. Culpepper of Pine Bluff, Ark., was shot and killed by Israel Stewart, a colored man, with whom he had a dispute over business matters.

Wallace Walker, an early settler of Evansville, Wis., was killed in his pasture by a bull.

J. R. Donaldson of Chicago has been mulcted of $850 in Denver in a bogus cattle ranch deal.

A Dublin dispatch states that the autumn mackerel fisheries of the Skibbereen district are most profitable this season. The disappearance of mackerel from the American coast has created a heavy American demand for the Irish catch. Enormous quantities of mackerel are being shipped to the United States.

Carnegie has built and endowed eleven libraries in Scotland. He seeded his twelfth at Ayr last week. He has planned his thirteenth and hopes to see his twenty-sixth erected before he dies.

Wallace Bruce, the lecturer, now United States consul at Edinburgh, wants to erect a monument to the Scottish-American soldiers of our civil war who returned to Scotland and there died. The city has granted Mr. Bruce the site he has selected.

C. C. Doolittle of Cincinnati was shot and probably fatally wounded Monday night while returning to his home in a suburb of that city. He suspects his assailant to have been a colored boy whom he had arrested for burglary.

The trial of Lambert N. Goldsmith at Columbus, Ind., for the murder of Skillman over a year ago has again been continued, County Prosecutor Waltham having withdrawn from the case.

By a collision of electric motors at Canton, O., in a heavy fog, both motormen and five passengers were seriously hurt.

People's party men of Alabama caused the arrest of the probate judge and circuit clerk of Bullock county, Ala., for interfering with the federal statutes in refusing to appoint third party men on the election boards, as required by law.

The Remington company offered $10,000 for the first World's fair souvenir coin.

* * *

S. T. Pickard, Whittier's literary executor, is editor of the Portland Transcript, and husband of the poet's niece.

Jacob Meyer, while on a hand car, was run down by a train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near Cincinnati and killed.

Thomas O'Dowd, a Dubuque, Ia., saloonkeeper, died in Fort Dodge. A short time before his death he was robbed of $700.

J. W. Flower, proprietor of an institute for the cure of drunkenness in Galesburg, Ills., has been arrested on the charge of trying to pass bogus checks.

There is room for just five more dead in the "Poet's Corner" at Westminster Abbey.

Henry P. Baldauf, Jr., of Saginaw, Mich., fell from a tree and broke his neck.

Lincoln, Gladstone, Tennyson, and Darwin were all born in 1809.

When any foreign visitor is given audience by the Japanese mikado the latter insists in being addressed in French, which he speaks well.

Commander Wakehame, R. N., of the Canadian fishery protection fleet, reports the Atlantic fishery this year above the average.

The official Turkestan Gazette, describing the recent Russian expedition, frankly admits that the object of expedition was to expel the Afghans and Chinese from the Pamir, which regions, it says, is claimed by Russia under the convention made with Great Britain in 1872-3.

In order to obtain money for his defense Dr. Neill Cream, formerly of Quebec, now on trial in London, England, charged with a multiplicity of murders, has through a lawyer made a demand on his relatives for his share of his deceased father's estate amounting to about $7,500.

* * *

Another cruiser will be launched next month. She is building in San Francisco and is larger than the Baltimore or Chicago. She is a modified copy of a crack ship built in England for Spain.

The Mexican board of charity has imported $300,000 worth of corn in the month past and sold it at cost to the suffering people.

The crews of the British sealers recently seized by the Russians complain of barbarous treatment at the hands of their captors.

The czar and czarowitz have left Warsaw to unveil the monument to Alexander II at Ozenstochaw.

Leo Zeipprecht, who died some time ago in California, has bequeathed to the Dubuque Y. M. C. A. a building valued at $12,000.

A. J. Patrick and Morgan Petty are under arrest charged with the assassination of Revenue Officers Cardwell and Waller near Flintville, Tenn.

Miss Elizabeth Deering Hanscom is among the first women to enter Yale's open door. She is going to study for the Ph. D. degree.

Mr. Fink, the Australian ex-M. P., who has just achieved the phenomenal feat of failing for $7,500,000, and offering his unsecured creditors the magnificent composition of a half-penny in the pound, began the battle of life as an assistant in a Melbourne furniture warehouse.

Governor Russell of Massachusetts, and a candidate for re-election, is going to leave the state for a week and has asked Lieutenant Governor Halle to act in his stead. Mr. Halle is running for governor on the opposite ticket.

The young American artist, Shannon, who has just turned 30, is the fashionable portrait painter of the day in London. Society has honored him with many commissions, and the highest ladies of the land have sat before his easel.

The largest creditors of Poor & Son, leather manufacturers of Boston, have agreed to an extension. The liabilities are placed at $230,000 and the assets $100,000 more.

English missionaries [illegible] been mobbed by natives in Kieng Yong, China. The house of Mr. Phillips, head of the mission, was burned and he and his wife fled for their lives.

* * *

James Spence was struck by a Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul train at Racine, Wis., and died from his injuries.

Fire destroyed the grain warehouse of the Eagle Milling company at Tuscon, A. T. Their loss is $15,000. L. Zeeckendorf & Co.'s loss on hay is $5,000. Both are partially insured.

[illegible] has finished a novel with the Irish question in it.

Thomas G. Hodgkins, a retired New York merchant of English birth, has given $100,000 to the Royal institute of Great Britain, to be used for the promotion of scientific research. He had previously given $200,000 for a similar purpose to the Smithsonian institution.

The Empress of Germany, who gave birth recently to her seventh child, is one of the youngest looking women of her age in Germany. Her color is excellent, and her cheeks are as rosy as those of a peasant girl. Her majesty is now about 33 years old.

Weaver has visited every southern state but West Virginia. He, however, held no meetings in South Carolina. He will close the campaign in Kansas, first stumping Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and Nebraska.

Philadelphia's $25,000 statue of McClellan will be ready to unveil May next.

Emery Weaver was drowned at Frankfort, Mich., by being knocked from a dump scow.

J. D. Amidon of Chicago stole a valuable team at La Porte, Ind. He was pursued and captured.

Madame Patti's will is said to contain a clause providing for a monster aviary, full of nightingales and other song birds, to be placed near her tomb, and to pay for a person to feed and care for them.

Robert M. Lane, ex-minister to France under President Cleveland, who went abroad early in the summer in feeble health, caused by an attack of pneumonia, has returned to Baltimore entirely recovered.

S. R. Harris, claiming to represent The Railway Age of Chicago, is under arrest at Chattanooga, Tenn., for attempted swindle.

The resignation of First Assistant Postmaster General S. A. Whitfield has been accepted.

The school at Montivideo, Minn., has been rededicated and named in honor of William Windom.

King Leopold of Belgium is one of the most inveterate gamblers of his kingdom.

* * *

A bank with $40,000 capital will soon be established at Grand Haven, Mich., by St. Louis parties.

Frank Braunworth was killed by a Chicago and Northwestern train near Watertown, Wis.

Samuel W. Green of Wells, Me., is in jail at Dover, N. H., charged with fraudulently securing a pension.

A safe in Patton Bros.' store at Roswell, S. D., was blown open and $2,500 stolen.

At Monroe, Mich., Mrs. Mary Baubien, a widow of 44, has begun suit against William Ronan, a bachelor of about 50, for breach of promise.

Company F, Michigan state militia, of Grand Haven will attend the World's fair opening.

The returns issued by the board of trade of Paris show that during the month of September the imports decreased 50,000,000 francs and that the exports increased 21,000,000 francs as compared with the corresponding month last year.

William A. Barker, a wealthy and aged citizen of Providence, R. I., was found on the railroad track near East Greenwich mutilated and dead.

A portion of the workings in the Belpyrite mines in the department of Rhone, France, has collapsed. A number of miners were caught under the falling debris and three of them were killed. Several others were badly injured.

Morley Roberts, an English story writer, is working as a laborer on the London docks in order to get "local color" for a novel.

Henry A. Redmond has been convicted at Chandler, I. T., of murdering his wife.

George Schultze, a noted crook, received a sentence for five years for grand larceny at Saginaw, Mich.

C. W. Ackerman, a porter, attempted to handle a live electric wire in Kansas City and toppled over a dead man.

Chicago might take note that it took six hours to form—just form—the great procession that paraded in New York at the Columbus celebration.

H. H. Cowan, who has swindled many hotel and livery men in Iowa recently, has been captured at LaCrosse, Wis.

Corporal Tanner is coining money as a Washington pension agent, and in three years' practice of the business is said to have netted $300,000.

G. P. Horne, alias A. L. Moore, was sentenced at Independence, Ia., to one year in the penitentiary for assault with attempt to kill Frank Carter.

Henry Brace, 6 years old, of Bruceville, O., was kicked in the head and killed by a horse which he was attempting to drive out of a school house yard.

Arno M. Ziegler at Shelbyville, Ind., pleaded guilty to shooting his wife with intent to kill and was sentenced to twelve years in the penitentiary.

* * *

W. A. Boyce was found guilty of murder in the second degree in Cincinnati on the charge of taking his own babe, 3 days old and throwing it in the Ohio river.

Henry and Jones, indicted on the charge of murder, were acquitted at Marinette, Wis.

James Dunton, aged 16, was accidentally shot near Kalo, Ia., while out shooting squirrels.

Eddie Hill was fatally injured at Brazil, Ind., by a pin from a shotgun being blown into his brain.

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would break open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two [illegible] the sores commenced to heal up; the scabs came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of

Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores." HARRY E. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, reliable, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. 25c.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer, who will [illegible] Express and P. O. address

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 22, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Miss Rosina Vokes.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Russell's Comedians.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Thomas W. Keane.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union Harrison & Bell's Comedians.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Siberia."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

MR. REDMOND'S PROGRAMME.

Mr. John E. Redmond, M. P., contributes to the October number of *The Nineteenth Century* an interesting as well as important article on the Home Rule question. In the opening pages of his contribution he expresses his disappointment that Mr. Gladstone has not so far revealed to the public any of the details of his forthcoming Home Rule scheme. Ireland, Mr. Redmond says, is entitled to know what proposals are to be made to her for the settlement of the international problem at issue in order that she may have sufficient time for their consideration before accepting or rejecting them.

Passing from this subject to the more vital one of the question, what settlement Ireland herself would be content with, the writer asserts that his fellow countrymen at home would have nothing less than the rights and privileges embodied in the programme of the late Isaac Butt, which was issued some time in the early part of the seventies. Mr. Butt, whose loyalty to the British crown and constitution, was one of his unfortunate characteristics, handed over in this plan to the Imperial Parliament full control over Ireland as an integral portion of the Empire. To this Parliament Ireland would send as heretofore a due proportion of representative. The Parliament sitting in Dublin should deal exclusively with local affairs, as the following passage from the programme demonstrates:

"The Irish Parliament would have supreme control of the internal affairs of Ireland, just as if no Imperial Parliament existed. Its jurisdiction would include every exclusively Irish interest—education, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, public works, courts of justice, magistracy, post office, corporations, grand juries, public railways, and every other detail of Irish business and Irish national life.

"If deemed desirable, however, it might be arranged that the establishment of any religious ascendancy, or the alteration of the acts which settled Irish property in the reign of Charles II., should be placed beyond its jurisdiction.

"In respect of all exclusively Irish interests, the Irish Parliament should rank, act and rule as the Parliament 'of an independent nation.'"

Mr. John E. Redmond indorses the main points of this scheme, which is on the whole the most moderate proposal that any decent Nationalist could honorably accept. Mr. Redmond, however, points out the probability of a collision between the London and the Dublin legislatures. "The Irish members," he says, "are to be retained at Westminster! It will be the interest of one section of Irishmen to endeavor in season and out of it to appeal from the Irish to the Imperial Parliament. The power to do so would certainly prevent the settling down of all classes of Irishmen in a united effort to raise the social and material condition of their country, it would insure the failure of the Irish Parliament, which would be under these circumstances little better than a debating society. All we want to have made clear and unmistakable is that in the daily life of our new Parliament the veto of the crown will be exercised constitutionally, in accordance with the advice of Irish ministers, and will not be made a pretext for interference by the Imperial Parliament, and the English Cabinet [illegible] government of those purely Irish affairs which are committed to the charge of the new Irish legislature."

THE CITIZEN is of opinion that Mr. Redmond's programme is of such a character that it must be accepted by all British Liberals who sincerely wish to give a real and not a sham Parliament to Ireland. Irishmen of Republican views are prepared for the moment to subscribe to the proposal, reserving to themselves, however, perfect freedom of action hereafter. An unfettered Home Rule Parliament, the establishment of which is so ably advocated by Mr. Redmond, may be expected to do much good for the country. It will stop emigration. I will assuredly help to develop the national resources, and put a finality to all agrarian troubles by revolutionizing or reforming the present land system which has been, next to English rule, the greatest curse that ever fell on Ireland's devoted head.

No limits, however, as Mr. Parnell once said, should be put to the aspirations of a nation. Neither Mr. Redmond nor Mr. McCarthy can speak for the hopes and aims of the Ireland of the future. They are only the spokesmen of the Ireland of today. Future generations of Irishmen will be no more bound down by a Gladstonian Home Rule measure that may be passed in a year or so than they could be by any other act enacted by an alien legislature. Like Longfellow's Alpine youth, the Irishmen of the twentieth century will mount the higher heights of liberty under the shelter of a flag which shall have "Excelsior" for its motto and its symbol.

MR. FINERTY'S TOUR.

Mr. John F. Finerty has been speaking under direction of the Republican National Committee in the States of New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire and Connecticut during the last two weeks. He had tremendous meetings at Troy and West Troy, Syracuse and Utica, N.Y.; at Plainfield, N.J., and at Danbury, Hartford, and other points in Connecticut. He will speak in South Bend, Ind., on the 26th inst.; Warsaw, Ind., on the 27th; Union City, Ind., on the 28th and Indianapolis on the 29th. He will address a meeting in Buffalo, N.Y., on Nov. 1; in Rochester on the 2d, and three meetings in New York City and Brooklyn up to Nov. 5.

FREE TRADERS' SHIFTINESS.

One of the most curious and suggestive things of the present campaign is the manner in which the opponents of the present tariff and present administration contradict and stultify themselves. Even Mr. Cleveland does not seem to see his way clearly, for he says in his recent address to his party that its platform does not mean free trade, and that it will, if it comes into power, continue to protect American industries. What, then, can his party want, or on what ground does it stand? It attacks the tariff and the McKinley bill in language so strong as to make a decent Democrat blush scarlet for shame. The McKinley bill has been from the day it passed the House to the present hour, called "robbery," "treason to the masses," "sacrifice of the poor to the rich," "a law to make the rich richer and the poor poorer," "an encouragement to monopolists," etc., etc.; and yet the very foremost men of the Democratic party say, and not only say, but write, over their signatures, that a tariff is necessary!

What, then, in the name of common sense, do they want, or what do they mean? They will say, of course, "Tariff for revenue only;" but, as has been shown more than once in this journal, tariff for revenue only means free trade, pure and simple; for if the tariff were made so low that it would not afford any protection at all to American industries, the amount of money arising from it would be as great, or perhaps greater than the amount arising from it at present. Every decrease of duty on an imported article leads to heavier importations of that article. If the duty on a certain article is reduced 50 per cent, and if the importations of it are consequently increased 50 per cent, is not the amount of money received from the lowest tariff on it the same as from the original tariff, and is not the protection of the American manufactured article, to a large degree, nullified?

The want of logic, and the want of clearness on the part of the opponents of the present administration, is simply awful, and to a patriotic American humiliating. If they would say what they want, we could understand them and try to enlighten them. But no one, not even themselves, knows where they stand. They say they are for tariff, yet they denounce the McKinley bill as robbery. With most extraordinary nerve, they join with Englishmen and other foreigners in denouncing it, just as if they themselves were foreigners and not Americans! Never has America, never has the world seen such astounding self-stultification for party ends. If they said outright that they were Free Traders, one might admire them for their candor, however he would blame them for their lack of patriotism; but their platform is so shifty, so unmanly, so un-American and so self-contradictory that one hardly knows whether to laugh at those who uphold it, or to call them some most uncomplimentary name.

Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, a whilom eastern Republican, but now a follower of Mr. Cleveland, has recently written a long letter which has gone the rounds of the papers, giving his reasons for the change of his political views. He seems to possess the gift of illogicalness and inconsistency in the same marked degree as the rest of the party he has joined. Here is a paragraph of his, exactly as it appears in the public press: "There is no pretense that the McKinley bill is abandoned; on the contrary our express approval of it is demanded." But a little further on in the same letter he says, 'Just as the duties upon imported merchandise have been increased, so has the grade of imported labor been lowered, until now, under the McKinley bill, there are coming here every month thousands of more ignorant and therefore less desirable laborers than before. It is not easy to exaggerate the moral evils that they are likely to inflict upon social order and our national life." It is not easy to exaggerate the extraordinary stupidity or illogicalness of the man who could write these two paragraphs in the same article. He approves of the McKinley bill in one place, and in the other place he disapproves of it by showing the enormous amount of good it has done by transferring the labor and consequently the wealth of foreign countries to America! It may be an evil, the increase of immigration to this country that Mr. MacVeagh says is one of the results of the McKinley bill; but if such a fact is not one of the strongest possible proofs of the stimulus that bill has given to American industries, it is hard to define what a proof should be. The wealthier America becomes, the greater will be the foreign immigration. Let there be no work here for immigrants, and they will not come here. If immigration is a danger to the country, congress has the power to make laws that will stop it or curtail it; but let no sane person say that the measures which increase employment and consequently wages in a country, can, on the whole, be other than a blessing and a benefit to it.

PARTY BLINDNESS.

It is sad to think how party prejudice blinds people, and often causes them to vote contrary to their convictions. Every man has a right to change his politics whenever he thinks proper to do so. A man may, as a general rule, be equally patriotic and equally American, no matter to what party he belongs. There are, however, times when a party may commit itself to a course by which either the unity, the liberty, or the best interests of the nation would be jeopardized or menaced. An instance may be cited in the course the Southern wing of the Democratic party took in 1861, when it made war on the unity of the nation. Many tens of thousands of loyal Northern Democrats took up arms against the men of their own party in the South, because their patriotism was greater than their love for their party; and mainly by their instrumentality the Union was saved.

It is ardently to be hoped that the loyal Democrats of the North will, at the coming elections, revolt against the free trade, or the same thing as the free trade programme, which has found a place on the present Democratic platform. This free trade plank in the present Democratic platform owes its existence almost as much to Southern ideas as secession did. The South has, and always had, free trade on the brain. No section of the Union has been more benefitted by protection than the South. Her progress since the war has been phenomenal. Giving her sons every credit for enterprise, push and industry, all must admit that in spite of every good quality the people of the South may be possessed of, without a protective tariff, they could, by no possibility, be as well off as they are today. Yet, with an infatuation that is almost beyond belief, the South is the quarter from which comes the strongest opposition to the present tariff. A man cutting off his nose to spite his face, would be hardly any more incensate than is the enmity of the Southern people to the tariff. They have thriven by it, yet they want to get rid of it. It is their bread and butter, yet they growl at it. It has been one of the principal causes of the marvelous growth of many of their cities, and of the development of most of their industries, yet they call it robbery.

A great German has written a book called "Evergreenness of the Feelings." The book shows how men's passions or feelings almost always got the better of their judgment; how nine tenths of the wars that have desolated the earth have been caused by feeling and not by interest; and how nations, or great masses of men, are invariably guided by feeling, and by it alone. It is quite clear that it is feeling and not interest that has made the Southern people hate the tariff so much. No matter how much money it may have put into their pockets, no matter how great a benefit it may have been to them, they hate it because it came from the North, and because it is a Northern institution. Here we have the secret of the blind hate of the South toward a protective tariff.

It is a well known fact that there are multitudes of staunch Protectionists in the Democratic party now, just as there were multitudes of loyal men in it in 1861. It is to them we appeal; those are they whom we seek to influence. The Hon. S. J. Randall was a Democrat, but no man ever lived who believed more strongly than he did in protecting American labor and industry, and making the country a vast work-shop, an entire supplier of its own wants. But, unfortunately, Samuel Randall is dead, and no one has taken his place in the Democratic party. It seems to be more completely under Southern influence now than it has been at any time since the close of the war; it has never since the war put free trade, or "tariff for revenue only," so prominently on its platform. In Mr. Cleveland's address after his nomination in 1884, he never said a solitary word about the iniquity of the tariff, although it was all round, or in a general way, heavier than it is now; for if the McKinley bill added considerably to the duty on many articles, it put a host of commodities on the free list that had previously been taxed. The McKinley bill puts sugar on the free list, or under so slight a tariff that it may be said to be free. This saves the country an enormous sum; probably not less than seventy millions a year. It is because a few scores of Southern sugar planters are injured by the McKinley bill that the Democrats have raised such a noise about it? It would appear so. It also would appear that the Northern wing of the Democratic party is so completely under the influence of the South as to be compelled to accept every hobby and whim of that part of the country that only a generation ago did its best to destroy this republic,—a part of the country whose inhabitants are every day giving proof that they are not yet loyal to the American flag. Their feelings have got the better of their judgment; the sores left by the war are not yet healed, and may not be healed for many a year to come.

Irish Democrats, above all others, should know the evils of free trade. That was what ruined Ireland after the Union in 1800. All THE CITIZEN asks of them, is not to let party blindness influence them to vote against the best interests of their adopted country at the coming elections.

THE POETS OF IRELAND.

Some months ago THE CITIZEN reviewed the first part of a very interesting "Dictionary of the Poets of Ireland" compiled by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, a young Irish litterateur residing in London. It is now our agreeable duty to have a word or two to say in commendation of Part II of that volume which has just been published. This part including the names of Irish poets from F. to M. is even more interesting than its predecessor. It is replete with bibliographical information of a very valuable character which is sure to be of immense service to the students and authors of a coming generation who may wish to know something of the poets of Ireland or who may desire to write monograms on them. Even to the future Irish historian and biographer Mr O Donoghue's compilation will prove a priceless blessing; for his array of facts and dates, condensed into the smallest space, comes more readily into one's hands than any ponderous encyclopedia could do. Moreover, there are thousands of his interesting items which are found in no published encyclopedia, and which were gathered and collated by him not only from printed but also from oral authorities—a work which must have cost him the toil and ceaseless labor of many years.

Mr. O'Donoghue has rightly earned a place in the van of Irish publicists of our day. He has expended a large amount of painstaking industry in his laudible efforts to find out even the most minute details concerning the careers of Irish poets of the past of whom the general public knew little or nothing—poets who, though minor stars in our literary firmament, still contributed additional luster to the light and glory of our literature. The forgotten or all but forgotten dead have been in fact brought to life once more in the interesting pages of Mr. O Donoghue's dictionary.

When in a few weeks' time the third and concluding part of this volume will leave the printer's hands a unique Irish publication shall have appeared which should find a place in the library of every Irishman who is proud of the genius and talent that have under the most discouraging circumstances characterized the brainy children of the Gael. Mr. O'Donoghue's compilation is a unique one: for no such dictionary as his has ever been issued from any printing press before. It will, therefore, fill a long and much needed place in our libraries. O'Reilly's collection of Irish poets dealt only with such prominent bards as Thomas Moore, Thomas Davis, Gerald Griffin and James Clarence Mangan. Other compilations of a similar kind were equally incomplete. Even Alfred Webb's compendium of Irish Biography unconsciously omitted the names of many of those minstrels of ours whom the researches of Mr. O'Donoghue have rescued from an unmerited obscurity. The "Dictionary of the Poets of Ireland" in its complete form will accordingly become a text book in the hands of Irish students. Appearing, as it does, at a time when an Irish literary revival is taking place under the auspices of Gavan Duffy, it ought to command a considerable sale. Each part costs two shillings, and may be had from the author at No. 49 Little Cadogan Place, Pont street, Belgravia, London.

A GRAND OLD MAN, INDEED.

The Duke of Argyll, or more correctly Mr. O'Duibhne*, has been fully answered in this month's *North American Review* by Mr. Gladstone. O'Duibhne wrote the most thoroughly blackguard article about Ireland, politically, that ever appeared in the American press, in the August number of the above named periodical. It could have been written only by a ruffian, and could have been printed only by a snob. A snob of any nationality is a horrible animal, but as Mark Twain says, the American snob is the most horrible of all. If a Britisher toadies to a lord or a "dook," we can in a measure forgive him, for he has been brought up to cringe to that mediaeval and now out-of-date class called the nobility; but when an American editor of an American magazine gives place to a libel and a falsehood simply because they were written by one of that class known as English nobility, the citizens of this republic should have no more use for him. O'Duibhne, alias Argyll, could not, we are absolutely sure, have found even an English magazine that would have printed his article; he had to send it to America to find some one base enough to publish it!

There is, however, a silver lining to every cloud. Mr. Gladstone's reply to O'Duibhne is the grandest utterance the Grand Old Man ever uttered, and amply compensates Ireland for the slanders of a traiterous Celt on the race and nation of which he is an unworthy offspring. Never have we seen so strongly worded an article from Gladstone's pen. He generally "lets down" his opponents easily; but in his reply to O'Duibhne, he dashes him down so hard that he smashes him all to pieces.

The editor of the *North American Review* may try to excuse himself for printing O'Duibhne's loathsome article about Ireland in the August number of that periodical, by saying it was published in order that Mr. Gladstone might reply to it. He could, by hardly any possibility, have known that Mr. Gladstone would have noticed such an article at all; and it is a wonder that he did notice it, for it is so monstrous and so false as to be beneath both notice and contempt. It may be that in future every nincompoop that wants to slander Ireland and the Irish in such an outrageous manner that no British periodical would publish his gall, will send his effusions to the *North American Review*, and if the writer of them is a "dook" or even a lord, they will be sure to be published.

Mr. Gladstone winds up his article in reply to O'Duibhne by a quotation from a recent speech by Lord Salisbury about Ireland. It is, perhaps, the strongest accusation ever brought against English rule in Ireland; and coming from an Englishman and a Tory, it has double weight. O'Duibhne especially, should read, mark and inwardly digest it:

"What is the reason that a people with a bountiful soil, with such enormous resources, lag so far behind the English race? Some say that it is to be found in the character of the Celtic race. But I look to France and see a Celtic race there, going forward in the path of prosperity with most rapid strides: I believe at the present moment more rapidly than England herself. Some say it is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion. But I look at Belgium and I find there a people second to none in Europe except the English for industry, singularly prosperous, considering the small space of country they occupy, but distinguished among all peoples of Europe for the earnestness and intensity of their Roman Catholic belief. Therefore I cannot say that the cause of Irish distress is to be found in the Roman Catholic religion. An honorable friend near me says it arises from the Irish people listening to demagogues. I have as much dislike for demagogues as he has; but when I look to the Northern States of America I see there a people who listen to demagogues, but who undoubtedly have not been wanting in material prosperity. It cannot be demagogues, Romanism, or the Celtic race. What, then, is it? I am afraid that the *one thing that has been peculiar to Ireland, has been the government of England!*"

*Some weeks ago THE CITIZEN contained a criticism on the horrible and untruthful article of Argyll's that appeared in the *North American Review* for August. In explaining how the family name of the Argylls had been changed from O'Duibhne to Campbell, the former name was printed *O Dusbhne* instead of *O Duibhne*. The mistake was caused by the abominable chirography of our correspondent.

AN ANGLO-SAXON OLYMPIAD.

Arrangements, it is said, are now being made for holding an Anglo-Saxon Olympiad in London. This festival, which will be intellectual as well as athletic, purposes to be an imitation in some respects of the Olympic games of old at which the various elements composing the Greek race used to meet in friendly rivalry. The projectors of this exhibition assure the public that its effect would be to draw together and consolidate the scattered populations of the British Empire in one common Anglo-Saxon fold. They, moreover, add—with supreme condescension, by-the-bye—that the United States of America, being an Anglo-Saxon nation, shall also participate in this forthcoming Olympiad.

The top lofty pretensions of these Saxon Olympians are verily enough to take one's breath away. They seem to imagine that they own almost the whole world, and the fruits and flowers thereof. Just fancy a gathering where all the scattered elements of the British Empire will be represented by such stalwart Saxons as the Indian Mussulman and the Australasian Maori, by the kilted Highlander and the Milesian mountaineer, by the Welshman and the Maltese, the Jersey Frenchman, and the Zulu warrior—all seated with smiling faces under Britannia's fig tree, smoking pipes of peace, and singing "God Save the Queen!" with the most devotional of souls and the lustiest of lungs! What a happy family would it not be?—this heterogeneous compound of peoples from all parts of the universe who have tasted the sweets of British rule, and who will gather together in London to thank the Lord their God that they are all true blue Saxons, whose flag while living, and whose winding sheet when dead, shall be the glorious and the unsullied Union Jack!

Old Man Tennyson, may then thrum his lyre for the last time in patriotic ecstasy, pass in his checks and join the great majority with a beatific smile on his laureate lips; for Anglo-Saxonism shall have reached its glorious apotheosis.

The effrontery of the Olympians in including this country in their collection of Anglo-Saxon nations is delightfully absurd—almost too absurd to be taken *au sérieux*. Can it be possible that these gentlemen (one of whom, Mr. Astley Cooper, writes on the subject in such a highly literary magazine as *The Nineteenth Century*) are suffering from such invincible ignorance as to lay the flattering unction to their souls for a moment that the sixty and odd millions of souls in this land of ours are of Anglo Saxon blood and lineage? Or is it a perverted ingenuity for falsifying facts which prompts them to represent as Anglo-Saxons a people that represents in its origin a portion of the Indian and the African, and nearly all the nationalities of the entire of Europe? They must be either as inveterate liars and prevaricators as the sons of Lucifer, or as carnally stupid and ignorant as the yokels of Yorkshire! In either case THE CITIZEN is happy to inform them that there is no blood connection between us and the Anglo-Saxon race. We rid ourselves of the incubus of Anglo Saxon rule in this country over a hundred years ago; and there is no earthly probability that we will place our necks under its hideous yoke ever again.

The Anglo Saxon Puritans, who landed at Plymouth in the beginning of the seventeenth century, no more made this land Anglo Saxon than did Columbus and his followers make it Spanish. The United States is a conglomeration of all European races in which numerically the Anglo-Saxon is a mere cipher. "It is Europe, and not England," as THE CITIZEN motto has it, "that is the mother of America." The Dutchmen originally peopled Manhattan. The Hugenots from France pitched their tents in Georgia and the Carolinas. The Spaniards and Portuguese took possession of Texas and California. Millions of sturdy Germans and enterprising Irishmen poured themselves within the past generation or two into this country, founded colonies and towns, leveled our primeal forests to the ground, turned their virgin soil into fertile pastures, built our railways, and contributed more than all the other races combined to the development of the industrious and other resources of the land. And if we add to these the hosts of Italians, Scandinavians and Poles who have established their homes under the hospitable folds of the Stars and Stripes, into what a small, puny insignificant squad will they not dwindle—those members of the braggart stock who now dare to claim this great Republic as a sister in blood of their own fetid and decaying Empire. In a word, it may be said—and THE CITIZEN says it on unimpeachable authority—that there are a million members of other races within our confines today to every thousand of the Saxon race.

The British Olympians must, therefore, do without us during the term of their athletic and intellectual exercises. We have no idea of bowing down before the Anglo-Saxon moloch. We care no more for its crown and throne than we do for the Empire that boasts such antedeluvian gimcracks. A few ex Canadian blue noses, representing themselves as American citizens, may sneak across the Atlantic to attend such a festival, but the Washington government and the manhood of the States will be sure to boycott this forthcoming exhibition of British brag and bluster.

MR. JOHN O'CONNOR, formerly M. P. for one of the divisions of Tipperary, will be called to the English bar next January. It is said that Mr. O'Connor intends practicing at his profession in Australia.

MISS AUGUSTA HOLMES, the well known Franco Irish musical composer is, we are informed, actually engaged in writing a grand opera which, it is anticipated, will be the crowning work of her life. Her symphony on Ireland is still very popular in France. Miss Holmes is a resident of the quaint old historic city of Versailles.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, the well known free trade statistician, is forced to make the following admission in a recent issue of the *Forum*: "There has never been a period in the history of this or any other country when the general rate of wages was as high as it is today, nor a period when the workingman in the strict sense of the word has so fully secured to his own use such a steady proportion of a constantly increasing product." This is a refreshingly frank statement, coming, as it does, from such a source.

MONSEIGNOR CAPEL, the once distinguished divine of London, and the well known original of Lord Beaconsfield's hero in the novel "Lothair," is now living in the capacity of tutor in an Italian family on a ranche near Sacramento, Cal.

THE late Gen. Boulanger's mother, who is a Welsh woman, completed her 89th year recently.

THE fact is not generally known that there was a real live Irishman in the crew that accompanied Columbus on the Santa Maria on his voyage of discovery to this country. His name, it seems, was William Eyre, who was a native of Galway. A spirit of restlessness and adventure caused him to emigrate to Spain, where at Palos he was engaged for service on the Santa

Maria. Eyre was one of the thirty eight men whom Columbus left as a garrison in the fort of La Natividad, the first European settlement in America, and who were all slaughtered by the Indians after the great discoverer had returned to Europe. Galway, therefore, prepared to celebrate with more than ordinary enthusiasm the Columbian quadro centenary.

COLUMBUS ought to look down with a pleased and happy smile from his high place in the heavens just now on this continent where he can behold the magnificent spectacle of an entire nation, professing various creeds, yet knit together as one soul in thanking the Supreme Being for the favors which He has showered on this great land. Should the illustrious admiral revisit the glimpses of the moon, he will be sure to forget that he ever wore a felon's chains in the glorious apotheosis with which his name and memory are being at present honored. His claims to universal recognition have been well vindicated by posterity.

RECIPROCITY working as it does under the auspices of the present administration, has been a magic boon to this country. It saves us nearly sixty million dollars of taxation, besides adding thirty millions to our exports.

THE CITIZEN regrets to learn of the death of the Rev. Charles Davis, P. P., of Baltimore, Ireland. The reverend deceased, who was a brother of Mr. Eugene Davis, the poet, devoted much of his energy and talent to the development of the fishing industries of Ireland. With the assistance of his devoted friend, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, he was enabled to organize on a very prosperous basis the fishing industry of Baltimore, where he succeeded, moreover, in establishing a school for the curing of mackerel and the education of one hundred pupils in the practice art. Father Davis' loss will be felt keenly throughout the South of Ireland, where he was very popular. The reverend gentleman was a member of the Congested Districts' Board, and of various literary and antiquarian societies. He was the author of a biography of the eminent Irish preacher, Father Buckley, whose sermons and lectures he edited and compiled.

MAJOR FRANK FISHER of the British army was up before the London police court magistrates recently on the charge of slugging his wife. It was proved that the valiant officer exercised this peculiarly English marital right over his spouse as often he felt like it. Major Fisher was, it seems, decorated some time ago by Queen Victoria for services on the battlefield; and in court his breast was actually bristling with medals! What a noble specimen of England's brave defenders!

OWING to the rigors of winter in a northern climate, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has left Ireland for his chateau in Nice, where, however, he purposes to continue his good work on behalf of the revival of Irish literature. Sir Charles is much gratified with the success of his enterprise so far.

MADAME CLOVIS HUGUES, wife of the poet of that name, and a young and promising sculptress, is at present engaged in modeling a bust of Miss Maud Gonne, the Irish patriot girl, who has done so much recently for the Irish cause in France. Miss Gonne occupies an apartment near the Arc du Triomphe in Paris. Her study is draped with the flags of France and Ireland. Her fascinating manners, beautiful face and figure, and extreme elegance are much admired by Parisian *dilettanti*.

THE Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, who woke up one fine morning many years ago to find himself famous as the husband of the illustrious Irish novelist, Charlotte Bronte, is, it seems, still alive, and resides in the King's county, Ireland, happy in the companionship of the spouse whom he took to his bosom after Charlotte's death. He never speaks of his early romance, and with cause: for his first marriage was a failure. A prosy and commonplace mate like the Rev. Arthur, proved to be no meet companion for a high-spirited blue-stocking.

MESSRS JUSTIN MCCARTHY and T. P. O'Connor are credited with the intention of starting an evening Home Rule journal in London. The venture, it is said, will have plenty of capital behind it.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the well known banking firm of Roberts, Lubbock & Co., of London, at present traveling in this country, made the admission that "the prosperity which Great Britain has enjoyed during the six years antecedent to the passage of the McKinley bill, has disappeared, and England now is suffering a depression in all branches of manufacture such as she has not known since the calamitous periods of 1862 and 1878." Irishmen in this country, who regret the sad condition of British commerce and industry, will, of course, vote the Free Trade ticket. Those who don't won't.

CERTAIN bigoted sheets are too fond of denouncing foreigners in connection with the immigration question. By the-bye, was not Columbus, the discoverer of this continent, a foreigner, and are we not all—with the sole exception of the red Indians—the descendants of foreigners? If foreigners had not stepped on the shores of of this land, it would still be the home and habitation of howling savages.

WHO will succeed Tennyson? There are four candidates already in the field—Swinburne, Arnold, and the two Morrises. Swinburne is two sensual for that modern moral model of all possible perfections, the British hypocrite. Sir Edwin Arnold is too much of a Japanese in his tastes to fill the post. William Morris is too sturdy a republican to be invested with the laurels. Mr. Lewis Morris, a boudoir nightingale, may win the prize, as he is, it seems, the Queen's favorite,—and the Queen, as everybody knows, is as good a judge of poetry as she is of Highland whisky.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and as seldom read.

O'CONNOR, Denver, Col.—The National Independent press of Dublin is represented by two dailies, the *Irish Independent* and the *Evening Herald*, and one weekly, *United Ireland*. Dr. Byrne, Thomas Osborne Moore and Edmund Leamy, ex-M. P., are the editors of these respective journals. There is a large number of independent newspapers in the provinces. The McCarthyite sheets in the capitol consist of the *Freeman* and its weekly edition.

RODERICK DHU City.—The Irish or Gaelic tongue is much older than the Anglo-Saxon. Unlike the latter, it does not come from a mongrel parentage. It was spoken in Innisfail when the Roman battalions invaded Albion, and naked savages roamed the banks of the Thames.

D., Portland, Maine.—Your letter is in certain points a strong and forcible plea for unity; but it is too personal for our columns. A little less gall, and a drop or two more of the milk of human kindness would improve your pen. In championing the cause of peace it ill behooves you to be warlike.

M. O'N., City.—Faction and nationality must not be confounded. THE CITIZEN has at all times discountenanced the one, and encouraged the other. Honest differences of opinion on politics it has always tolerated in others just as it expects others to tolerate them in itself.

SONNETS ON COLUMBUS.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I.

A man of iron muscle and of brawn,
Of massive chest, large bronzed and sinewy arms:
High strung as any spirit of the storms,
And yet at heart as gentle as a fawn!
A dome-like head, a brow by thought ploughed deep,
Eyes clear as purest crystal in their gaze;
A face as calm as is a dreamless sleep,
Save when 'twas lit by heaven's reflected rays!

In majesty and bearing he was king,
In grasp of mind the giant of his time:
Rival of none, for none were great as he!
Mighty his soul that, boldly taking wing,
Sped from Palos with confidence sublime—
Alighting on new worlds beyond the sea.

II.

A creature he, he was creator, too;
For, wrought within his fancy there arose
Vast climes and strange of sunshine and of snows—
Mysterious lands which Europe never knew.
Within his keen creative brain they sprang
Up from the foam in vistas grandly fair;
He heard their pine-kissed zephyrs as they sang—
The streams that rushed—the storms that thundered there!

He heard them in his dreamings, and awoke
To find they were no visions; for the lands
He sought were found after long weary years:
"Let there be light!" so the great Admiral spoke,
And there was light, for on those trackless sands
He added to the glory of the spheres!

III.

He won the proudest laurels, yet his brow
Was crowned with gruesome thorns; and his hands,
That knit two worlds, were bound in iron bands,
And envy sought to crush him or to cow—
Yet sought in vain, while years did onward roll,
Darkening his cell and smirching his fair fame;
For, though they caged his herculean frame,
They forged no gyves could chain his chainless soul!

Lo here today millions of hearts praise him,
Shrining his memory in each inmost core,
In city, town, on mountain and in glen—
Reversing the decree of ages dim—
Proclaiming the bold sailor evermore
Great giver of a continent to men.

ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

The simple but significant little address which Mr. Patrick O'Brien delivered on the occasion of the distribution of the County Cork Championship medals to the Redmond Hurling Club recently is well worthy the thoughtful consideration of every patriotic young Irishman. Mr. O'Brien, unlike many men of his class and calling, has a thorough conception of the necessary existence of an athletic association possessing the confidence and support of the public at large, founded upon national sentiment, and free in every respect from even the suspicion of foreign intervention or influence. Mr. O'Brien struck the keynote of the Gaelic movement when he made use of the following words: "He looked upon the Gaelic Athletic Association as a body which aided largely in the promotion of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Every man in the Gaelic Association was a friend of liberty, and the spirit of fraternity, which was a grand spirit to cultivate. The practice of their games in the hurling field taught them how to stand together, shoulder to shoulder, in the struggle for the freedom of their native land. It also inculcated equality, inasmuch as every man was equal in the hurling field." This puts the case for the continued existence and strength of the popular athletic organization in a nutshell. What Mr. O'Brien states is perfectly true, and can be borne out by any close observer of the progress of the Gaelic Athletic Association since its inception—namely, that this association has contributed largely to the three great essentials which go to make a nation.—*Dublin Independent.*

IRISH NEWS.

Pleuro-pneumonia continues its hold on Queen's county. The Maryborough cattle fairs have been prohibited for the present, which of course means a great loss to the shopkeepers and the people of the town.

In the sub commission court at Armagh the tenants and their valuers, in nearly every case that was heard, estimated a fair rent at about half the present rate.

A fatal accident occurred near Rhode, King's county, on Monday evening, Sept. 26, by which a farmer named James Roe lost his life. Deceased, who resided at Ballycommon, about four miles from Tullamore, had been at Ballybogan fair and was returning home in the evening with a jennet attached to a common car. The jennet got startled and running the car upon a heap of stones at the side of the road overturned the vehicles, dashing the occupant to the ground, the injuries he sustained causing death almost instantly. Mr. Roe, who was the only son of Mr. James Roe, late vice-chairman of the Tullamore board of guardians, was about 40 years of age.

On the morning of Oct. 7 the citizens of Kilkenny were deeply grieved to learn that Father Edward Butler, who had been for so many years laboring zealously among them, had passed away after a brief illness. The intelligence of his death will come with painful surprise to his many friends far beyond the limits of Kilkenny, where the deceased clergyman had many friends who appreciated his sterling worth as a minister of religion.

The funeral of Mr. Jeremiah O'Callaghan, who lost his life on the night of Sept. 31 while heroically endeavoring to save the life of a woman named Anne Brown at the Kilmallock railway station, took place in Cork on Oct. 2. The funeral was of enormous dimensions, and was attended by all the leading men of the city. The interment was at St. Joseph's cemetery. The deceased gentleman was a commercial traveler, in the employ of Messrs. Dwyer & Co., Cork, and was extremely popular, especially among the Nationalists of Cork. He was about 30 years of age and unmarried.

On Sunday, Oct. 2, the solemn and impressive ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a new Catholic church took place at Nenagh, the occasion being marked by very imposing functions. The cost of the new edifice will be about £20 000.

At the Downpatrick petty sessions recently Captain L'Estrange, R. M., presiding, John Regan, an army pensioner, was charged with being drunk and disorderly and shouting for Home Rule. The chairman in sentencing the prisoner to fourteen days' hard labor, in default of payment of a fine of twenty one shillings, said he was surprised to hear an army pensioner making use of such disloyal expressions. Mr Crawley, who defended, denied that the expression was disloyal, and if it was he was afraid her Majesty had a great many disloyal subjects, and advisers as well.

The Carlow guardians owe their treasurer £1,713, while it will take £700 more to pay the half-yearly and quarterly salaries now due. They have asked the board for another advance. The neighboring union of Athy has a credit balance of £2 000.

A New West Side Store.

The attention of our readers is directed to the new dry goods establishment of the Lawlor Company, corner of West Madison street and Oakley avenue. Mr. Lawlor and the other members of the firm have had many years experience in the dry goods business. They request the patronage of West Side families in their locality, as well as former patrons, assuring them the latest designs and patterns in the finest and choicest goods which can be found in the market, at prices unequalled by any other house. Their patrons will at all times find a complete stock of imported and domestic dry goods, notions, laces, handkerchiefs, fancy goods, millinery, etc. A special feature of the establishment is the hair-dressing parlors.

When a doctor considers it necessary to prescribe sarsaparilla, he simply orders a bottle of Ayer's, knowing full well that he will obtain thereby a surer and purer preparation than any other which the drug store can furnish. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Superior Medicine.

T. Shea, Tailor,
126 West Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20 $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

EDUCATION IN THE HOME.

A fine poet, a brilliant writer, master of the purest English, and a most distinguished style was Hugh Miller. He was also the most eminent geologist of the day, imbuing with life and poetry the dry details of a science that had hitherto been regarded as altogether technical and of no interest to the lay student. Miller's audience was the civilized world. He compelled the attention and excited the admiration of thinking men everywhere. His writing showed that their author had evidently read and studied the best English authors and possessed extraordinary powers of description and illustration.

What Burns did for the old songs of Scotland, Miller did for the facts of geology.

A rich man, of course, and graduate of a university?

Not at all, Miller was a poor Scotch boy, and he educated himself.

His relatives would have clubbed together and given the orphan boy the benefit of a college course. But he was proud, as well as able. He was proud to appear as a working man; proud of his rough coat and leather apron; and resolved to force his way to the top by solitary study, self denial and perseverance.

Remember one thing; he did not have the opportunity for self education that lies within the reach of every American boy today, even the poorest in this world's goods.

In his simple and charming narrative "My Schools and School Master or the Story of My Education," Hugh Miller has told of his early struggles and also of the charm of independence and the glory of knowledge. The hard working stone mason wrung from the "Old Red Sandstone" the mystery of its creation, and gave new life to an old subject. He was at home among the rocks and crags, and *he educated himself at home*. So can you.

If the list of eminent and successful men who have educated themselves at home and so laid the foundation of their success were ever published, would startle the college graduates out of their boots.

Young man educate yourself at home. Home is a good place to cultivate, an excellent place to study. The household is the homeplate of human happiness. How can you do it? The solution is easy. Even if you were rich enough to afford it, your home would not hold all the text books of a university or the paraphernalia of a laboratory. You do not need them.

Do not forget that we send the entire 20 volumes on receipt of one dollar, and allow you 90 days' time at the rate of 10 cents a day, the same to be remitted monthly. On these terms there is now no excuse for not owning this great reference library.

NOTICE—Persons desiring the Encyclopaedia must cut the order blank out of THE CITIZEN and fill it out; otherwise the books will not be sent.

SEA FOOD.

It Promotes Digestion and a Healthy System—An Elegant Establishment.

On Monday morning last the doors of Rector's new and elegantly appointed oyster establishment was thrown open to the public at No. 35 Adams street, near Wabash avenue. The proprietors since their opening have given evidence of their ability to cater to the public by furnishing all kinds of oysters, clams, lobsters, crabs, in fact, all kinds of fish, as well as game, sweetbreads, frogs' legs, salads of every kind. Daily shipments of the celebrated "Oak Island" oysters and sea food of every nature. The public can rely on everything being first class. Only the best, the freshest and artistic cooking will be the motto of this establishment.

Literary Notes.

Florence Warden is among the best of of modern romancers. In "Ralph Ryder of Brent," which has just been published by the National Book Company, she has written a most pleasing and fascinating story, the treatment of which is in her usual bright and interesting vein.

The following are announced for publication in the "Metropolitan Series": "Nor Wife, Nor Maid," by The Duchess; "The Tower of Taddeo," by Ouida, and "The Countess Pharsmond," by Rita.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A dreadful accident, having a fatal result, befell Mrs. Gilbert, daughter of Mr. Mitchell Henry, near Kylemore, on Wednesday fortnight. While she was driving in a phaeton, the horse took fright in crossing a difficult bridge, and the lady was thrown over the parapet. Two hours afterwards her dead body was found below.

Catholic Library Association.

The Union Catholic Library Association opened its Fall session on Friday evening of last week, at the association rooms, No. 94 Dearborn street. An appreciative audience gathered to listen to a paper on "The Poetry of Religion," read by Mr. James F. O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor treated his interesting subject in a scholarly style and entirely fulfilled the expectations of his delighted hearers. Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, president of the association, presided at the meeting. Among those who contributed to the programme were Miss Sarah Ryan, who recited a scene from "The Twelfth Night;" Miss May Cahill, pianist, and Mr. Lamson, tenor. These "literary evenings" will occur at the Catholic Library rooms every alternate Friday evening during the fall and winter.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A. O. H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER
} Com.

MRS CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$556 50
Capt. J. P. Cox, 818 Human street	5 00
John F. Finerty	10 00
Forwarded through Mr. P. Sullivan of South Chicago as collections made by Mr. Morrison, superintendent at the mills, South Chicago	36 75

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. 97 WASHINGTON ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. Estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased. Joseph L. Kotal, Administrator of the estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased, vs. Alonzo Relyea, Matilda Howell, Henry M. Howell, James Cruse, Phillip Cruse, Augustus D. Petty, Elizabeth D. Inman, B. H. Inman and Lewis H. Davis, as Trustee.

(ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE TO PAY DEBTS).

By virtue of the decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered in the above entitled cause, on the fifth (5th) day of October, A. D. 1892, on the petition of said Administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said decedent to pay the debts of said estate, I will, on Monday, the 31st day of October, A. D. 1892, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of Lucinda Relyea, deceased, at the time of her death, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit: Lot Seven (7) in Block Two (2) of Samuel B. Loose's Subdivision of the South half (S ½) of the North half (N ½) of the West half (W ½) of the Southwest quarter (S W ¼) of Section Nine (9) Township Thirty-eight (38), North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) principal meridian, situate in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois; said real estate is improved by a frame cottage, and will be sold subject to the dower and homestead rights of Alonzo Relyea. No deed will be delivered until said sale has been reported to and approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Oct. 6, 1892.

JOSEPH L. KOTAL,
Administrator of the estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased.

David Sullivan, Petitioner's Solicitor.

JAMES O'CONNELL ATTORNEY, 916 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.

ESTATE OF JOHN B. SONTAG, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John B. Sontag, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November A. D. 1892, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 5, 1892.

MARY SONTAG, Executrix.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

WILLIAM E. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS, ROBERT P. BATES.

MASON, ENNIS & BATES,

Attorneys-at-Law,

ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,

36 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake.

CHICAGO.

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The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues
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The Gaelic Class.

The Gaelic Class meets in City Clerk Van Cleave's office, City Hall, from 2 to 5 p. m., Sundays.

LITTLE THINGS.

A goodby kiss is a little thing,
With you hand on the door to go,
But it takes the sting out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
And it smooths the furrows plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find—
For love is tender, as love is blind—
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

SEXTON GARCIA.

Arthur Deering, fresh from a New England village and green as the hills in June, was stenographer to a railroad magnate who was making a trip to the Mexican capital. Their private car had been cut off at a town on the way the day before, when leave of absence had been given to Arthur. He had strolled about the old Mexican town and finally made his way to the cemetery, where he made the acquaintance of Sexton Vincente Garcia, who had told him yarns for drinks, each yarn one drink, and had entertained him as long as Arthur's flask lasted with anecdotes of certain dead persons whose tombs he pointed out.

Having another free day, Arthur went immediately to the cemetery, but not finding Garcia there he went out on the road in search for a possible place to make inquiries, and seeing about a block off what looked like a grocery store he went to it and entered. There leaning up against the counter stood the sexton talking away to the proprietor, who paid seemingly but little attention to him.

Arthur on recognizing his acquaintance of the day before approached and accosted him, "Good morning, sexton."

"Ah, valgame Dios, good days, amigo, frent," and the Mexican threw his arms around Arthur, then took his hand and shook it earnestly. "How des do, frent?"

"I'm well," answered Arthur.

"Take drink," quickly said the sexton; then turning to the proprietor, "Agame favor dos capas" ("Do me the favor two drinks"), but the latter shook his head. The sexton's credit was exhausted.

"He won't do it," said Garcia. "I married his sister; he don't like me; you ask him."

Deering put twenty-five cents on the counter, and the sexton took both drinks, as Arthur declined his, and also inadvertently Garcia pocketed the change.

"Ah, frent, much dam pleasure to see you. I wonder all night bydam if I see you again. I feel like father to you. Got eight bits?"

"What's that?" asked the American.

"Eight reales. One dollar: you got that?"

"I think so," answered Deering.

"Give it me. President Diaz give you fine time; cost you thousand dollar. I give it one dollar."

"I haven't any money to throw away," said Arthur.

"You want story, no, frent?"

"Yes, you know that."

"You starve for story and won't give me dollar. Bydam I one time give five thousand dollar for cross."

"Well, give me that story."

"No, you want me to give everything, you give nothing. I got sickness, tisis. You let me tell story and die. Medicine cost two bits."

"I didn't know that you were ill," said Arthur apologetically; "here's a quarter; buy yourself medicine."

"Ah, frent, much thanks; you have good, but dam slow heart. I notice that yesterday. I buy mescal; after while you give me more money and I buy medicine. Now I give story:

"Thirty years ago, bydam, I very rich merchant, plenty store, plenty business. One time I want to take $5,000 this town to dam town over mountain. Diligence go every day, but every day thief take diligence. Then I think. I take one mule for me, one for money. Early in the morning, 3 o'clock, I leave store. I think to myself, if dam thief take diligence on road, take me, too; so I don't go road; I find new way. Bydam I big fool. In five days I lost. That very bad. Nothing to eat and plenty water. That make sickness."

In memory of that sad occasion the sexton took his third swig at the cup of mescal that Arthur's quarter had bought him.

"Then I think. If I kill mule I have to walk. If I kill other mule no can money. Then I sit down and starve. Die every day for five days. Then two man come. I yell, 'Viva, viva, amigos! give me mescal, give me food!' One man he ask me, 'How long you hungry?' I say 'Two weeks bydam.' That I think make me very important. 'Ah!' he say, 'you sanctified now. Go to sky sure,' and he hit me on head with carbine. When I wake up I find two little sticks tied together like cross on my thin stomach. No mule, no mone, all gone bydam."

Garcia drained the last drop of mescal.

"How you think I get home? Fly? No; got no wings. I walk home. Ha! ha! ha! That good joke. You think I walk home on my head? No. On my foots? Ha! ha! ha! Two jokes: give me four bits. Two jokes; that's cheap bydam."

"Say, look here, sexton," said Arthur, "you are trying to make a fool of me. After being starved for five days and knocked on the head, how could you walk, and if you knew the way, why didn't you return before starving?"

"Ah!" said Garcia quickly, "you forget I had cross, and man with cross and bydam sanctified nearly a saint, and a saint can do anything he dam like. I hold my cross in front and follow; that take me home. You don't know Mexico, frent. Miracle here every day. You like more miracle story?"

"No," said Arthur decidedly; "but I would like to learn something of the habits and customs and peculiarities of these people—their home life."

"Ah, nie of domicile! I got one. Give me dollar and I show you."

"What do you want a dollar for?" asked Arthur, showing his irritation in his voice.

"Bread and cheese for domicile," answered Garcia soberly, "to take to sick wife."

"Well," said Arthur hesitatingly, "all right; here it is."

With this the Mexican bought two bottles of mescal, a piece of cheese and two small breads, on seeing which Arthur frowned.

"Adios, amigo," said Garcia, winking to the proprietor; then motioning to Arthur, "Come, frent," he started down the street with the latter, turned a corner, went two blocks more, then into a lane, where the sexton, stopping in front of an open door, directed Arthur to enter, then followed him.

"Senoritas," said the sexton, bowing low to some women who were seated around the room; "senoritas, mi amigo, my frent."

"Do these ladies speak English?" asked Arthur after he had bowed.

"No, not dam word."

"That's too bad."

"Oh, never mind, frent. I talk enough. Take the trouble to sit down," said Garcia. "These ladies my wifes."

"Your wives!"

"Yes; what's matter?"

"Why, there are six of them!"

"Oh, I forget one, Inez, my daughter—other five wifes."

"Why, that's bigamy!"

"Oh, yes, very happy; all love me very dam much. I very good man bydam. Wait moment, I open bottles, then we take a drink."

"How in thunder is it, sexton," asked Arthur, surprised to the utmost limit, "that you have five wives?"

"You want to hear that story—how I get married?"

"I should say so. Five, by thunder!"

"Yes, five bydam. I tell you story. You see that lady in corner, that Marcelina. I know her long time. She widow when I marry. 'She have house, she have money. I go to see her. I say, 'Good days, Marcelina.' She say, 'Good days, Don Vicente.' I say, 'You very pretty, you very nice, you got very fine forms'—all that I say. She say, 'Much thanks.' Then I say she 'lovely encantadora.' She say, 'Much thanks.' Then one day I say, "Marry me, beautiful woman.' And she say, 'With much thanks, mister.' I go to priest. I say, 'Padrecito, I want to marry.' He say, 'Fifty dollars.' I answer him, 'Oh, padrecito, she dam ugly, only thirty dollars.' He make me no contestation.

"I go to Marcelina and say to her, 'Oh, beautiful woman, lend me fifty dollars.' She want to marry very much—just like widow, all time want to marry quick. She lend me fifty dollars. I make count of money, put thirty dollars in one pocket, twenty in other; then I go to priest and count out thirty dollars and put him on table. All white money—one, two, three, four, thirty dollars—beautiful money. The padre bydam he look very hard at that beautiful money. When I see that I put it in my pocket and say, 'Padre Serafino, you got any cognac?' He say 'Yes, got a leetle.' Then we take drink, wait while, take two, three more. Then I tell him: 'Padrecito, I don't think bydam I get married. I drink thirty dollars cognac.' He say that 'very wrong, very hurtful; he marry me for thirty dollars preference to see me drink so much white money.' That make me think when he drink he like money more. Then I say, 'Got any more cognac, padrecito?' 'Got a leetle.' He more generous now after have take drink. He bring out half bottle; we drink and finish bottle.

"'Well,' he say, 'Son Vicente, you good boy; I suppose I marry you for thirty dollars.' I say to him, 'No, padrecito, she dam ugly; you marry her yourself.' 'What you say that for?' he say, angry; 'don't you know I priest?' 'Yes, I know,' I say; 'you not got thirty dollars?' He look very sad and say he no got a dam cent. Then I take out from other pocket twenty dollars and count very slow—one, two, three, four, twenty. He very astonished. 'That only twenty dollars,' he say; 'other time you have thirty dollars.'

"'No,' I say, very serious, very truthful face, 'I never have thirty dollars. I count five dollars two times, make sound like thirty.' 'Madre de Dios!' he say, 'how you astonish me!' Then he make big groan. 'Bueno, give me the money, and I marry you for twenty dollars,' and he have water in eyes when he pick up bottle of cognac and see all gone.

"You see I very good merchant, very good beezness man. You lend me hundred dollars and bydam I astonish you quick. That way I marry la encantadora Marcelina.

"That fat woman over there. She ugly bydam, but she have house and money, and feed herself and me and daughter and other five wifes, so it does not importance me so much dam ugly fat. I treat her dam fine; she have most money of all."

By this time the sexton and the women were about finishing the second bottle. Arthur was very much interested by this insight into Mexican life. He had read his Bible, and remembered that in the early times men had many wives; so, though surprised, he was not shocked at the idea of a man in a foreign country having five wives, all living in harmony. The Mormons in Utah even have many wives. The faces of the Mexicans seemed oriental to him, and, in addition, the sandals that the mass of the population wore and the way the women had of covering up their faces as they went along further impressed him as being oriental. All this worked upon him. Everything was so different, so strange to this verdant young man, fresh from a New England village, that he was dazed, and while he did not take all that the Mexican said as absolutely true the very position that the sexton held lent him a certain dignity and trustworthiness in Arthur's eyes.

Meanwhile the sexton and the women kept up a jabber in Spanish. Deering did not want to disturb them, but the story of Garcia's first marriage had whetted his desire to learn more, so he touched the man on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, sexton," he said, "but you told me about only one wife."

"Ah, yes; but the ladies very dam tired. Mescal all gone. Can't tell any more story today."

"Do they want any more drink?"

"Certainly, always! Hot climate in Mexico," answered Garcia.

"What does it cost?"

"One dollar."

Arthur took his purse, which held four dollars, out of his pocket and opened it slowly; then, still hesitating, took out a dollar. This hesitation the Mexican did not allow to continue; he put his hand over Arthur's, and closing upon it took the money and handed it to the youngest woman of the party, saying in Spanish, "Run, girl, two bottles mescal, bread and cheese.

"You want to hear about my second wife—all right. One day Marcelina get very angry with me because I ask for money. I get mad, too, because she no give it. Then I think. I know old woman with three cow. She fifty year old—too old for me. I sixty, like wife twenty—but she have three cow. I go to her; I say, 'I want to marry you, Josefita.' She answer me, 'But you married to Marcelina.' I say: 'Yes, by the church. I marry you by the law; you then legitimate wife. Mexican law say church marriage not lawful, not good. Children from church marriage natural children, but children from civil marriage get father's money.' That I tell her. That true too. I never tell lie to anybody. I very truthful. That my dam nature. I talk to her sweetly. Then after awhile she say 'Yes.' Then I go to see judge. I say, 'Mr. Judge, I want to marry, but got no money, got three cow. How much cost?' He answer me, 'Twenty-five dollars.' Then I say, 'You take cow, Mr. Judge?' He say, 'Yes, enough cow,' Then I ask him how much he pay for cow and he tell me, "Fifteen dollars for good one.' I say, 'Bueno, I bring you cow, then I bring you woman.'

"I go away and never let Josefita see me bring her three cows from potrero. One cow no good, 8-year-old, never have calf, but very fat, look like be mother two months. I tell judge that splendid cow, magnificent. He look at cow and think going to have calf. I very good merchant, you see. He pay me twenty dollars for that cow and fifteen each for other two. Judge know plenty law, but don't know anything about cow. Damfool to beezness with me. Then I think to myself, I be damfool, too, like judge. if I marry old woman now I have money. But then I think again, if I don't marry I go to jail. I very good merchant and too bydam smart to go to jail, so I marry old woman. Then I take her here. Caramba, Marcelina angry! She sorry then she no give me money. After while Josefita she say to me, 'Vicente, go bring cow from potrero and put him in corral.' I tell her I sell cow to judge that day. Oh, then she angry too. She yell! very strong dam yell. Then she say, 'Jesus de mi vida, you then sell me soon too.' I say, 'Too bad you not cow, can't sell you. Sorry.'"

Garcia turned around on hearing the young woman enter with the mescal.

It was past 1, and Arthur felt hungry, so he took one of the breads and a piece of cheese and asked the sexton for a glass of water, who thereupon spoke to the young girl. This one motioned to the young American to follow her, which he did, through two rooms into a back yard, where she gave him from an earthenware jar a tumblerful of water as cool as if taken from a deep well. When Arthur had drunk, Inez threw her arms around him, and though he struggled gave him a smacking kiss on the cheek. She wanted to repeat the feat, but Arthur sprang away, his fair skin tinged a deep red.

"What would your father say, Miss Garcia, if he knew this?"

"No ablo Ingles. Otro abrazo" ("I don't speak English. Another embrace"), she said, and made for him; but Arthur jumped and ran into the house, joining the party, the girl following, laughing merrily.

All noticed Arthur's extremely red face, and looked to the girl for an explanation.

"Don Pendejo," the girl said, laughing, "me dio un beso" ("Mr. Fool gave me a kiss").

"Ah," said the sexton, "you want to marry my daughter? All right. Take her."

"I'm too poor to marry," said Arthur, giving the first polite excuse that occurred to him.

"You got three dollars," answered the sexton; "that's enough. Come here. Ben aca, Inez."

When Arthur saw Inez making toward him he jumped up and ran to the door. This caused all to rise, seeing which Arthur grabbed his hat and scampered to the middle of the street.

"Come back," shouted the sexton. "You got three dollars. Valgame Dios, come back!"

But Arthur felt the kiss of Inez, the dark one, burning on his cheek, and he shook his head and went his way, regretting that he had not heard the three remaining romances of the sexton's life. —Frank Loringen in Argonaut.

An Odd Habit Among Rooks.

Among the odd habits of rooks is the way that members of the same rookery have of intermarrying generation after generation. The males always choose their wives from among their near neighbors, and if one should be so bold as to bring home to his rookery a bride from a distance the other rooks will invariably refuse to receive her, and will force the pair to build some way off. In the neighborhood of big rookeries outlying nests of this kind may always be found.—Yankee Blade.

He Wanted to Know.

Scene—Office of The Daily Whooper.

Caller (to business manager)—Yesterday I put an advertisement in your paper for a servant.

Business Manager (blandly)—Yes, sir. And what was the result?

Caller—That's what I want to know. Nobody has called yet.—Texas Siftings.

BRIGANDS IN SICILY.

OUIDA SAYS THE ROMANCE OF BRIGANDAGE STILL SURVIVES.

Recital of Recent Melodramatic Episodes That Refute Assertions of Its Decline. Adventures Whose Tragedy Is Relieved by Picturesqueness.

The irrepressible Ouida, from long residence in Italy feels herself responsible for all things that happen on the peninsula. She also has a rod in pickle for the naturalistic novelist who scoffs at romance. Apropos of brigandage in Sicily, she writes to the editor of the London Times:

SIR—Such romantic and tragic incidents have of late been common as daily bread in Sicily, and I think you may care to publish an account of the latest of these daring seizures by brigands. It is a mistaken idea which prevails among English people that brigandage is no longer known in that lovely island. It is, alas! very frequent, and still takes a picturesque, operatic aspect in its decor du scene, though horribly brutal and hideous in its deeds. It is not uncommon for the brigands to wear the uniform of the carabinieri, or gendarmes, so that in the friendly attire of a cocked hat and uniform they surround easily with their horses the unsuspecting traveler.

Three days ago the Baron Antonino Spitaleiri, a well known Catanian gentleman, rode out to an estate of his called San Todoro, lying between the communes of Paterno and Centolupe. Not wishing to spend the night on his own lands, which are malarious, he, with his young son, asked the hospitality of a neighbor living at a villa called Polera, the Baroness Ciancio. The next morning at 8 o'clock the baron mounted his horse to go again to his estates, accompanied by four assistants, but leaving his son with the lady of the house at Polera. Scarcely, however, had he gone a few yards when he was suddenly surrounded by six brigands mounted on fine horses and armed with Wetterli rifles. His four attendants were bound, seized and carried off. The baron himself, having no money upon him, was taken back to Polera. His young son, seeing him from the window approach thus bound and captive, fired on the robbers, who replied with five shots, not one of which did more, happily, than to search the boy's hair.

Meantime Mme. Ciancio, running to the window, called to the men to know what they would take to leave the baron free. They replied 50,000 francs, and she threw them to them in bank notes, and on getting in they clamored for more, beat in the doors of the villa, or castle, menaced and bound the servants, and two held their daggers to the throats of the lady and the youth while others ransacked all the cabinets, cupboards and wardrobes in the house, succeeding in finding in all 110,000 francs more. They staid altogether eight hours, drank champagne and smoked the cigars of their prisoners. As comble d'honneur they kissed the baron's young son, saying graciously, "You are so handsome it would have been a pity to kill you." And then there are people who say that romance is dead in Italy!

This is a more vividly colored and melodramatic episode, but it is not so truly terrible and cruel as was the capture of another Sicilian gentleman last month—a landed proprietor of smaller means than the Baron Spitaleiri, who was borne off by brigands, and because his family could not send his ransom (20,000 francs) quickly enough was killed at the end of a fortnight, his body, horribly mangled and burned, being sent home.

Surprise will be felt at so much money as was found at Polera being kept in a country house, but Italians keep very large sums in their houses or their steward's houses, especially after harvest or vintage. They distrust banks and use them comparatively little. The other day the uncle of a friend of mine, an old gentleman, living alone, went to some baths for a month. He placed his servant and dogs and birds in a small, detached cottage on a terrace and locked up the rest of the building.

When he came back he found a hole had been made in the wall at the back and the house had been completely ransacked; 4,000 francs in modern money, a large and unique collection of gold coins of the old republics of Lucca, Siena, Florence, etc., and a collection of postage stamps valued at 20,000 francs for its completeness and rarity were all gone, with his rich old wines and innumerable curios. On his blotting pad the thieves had written, "Vino buonissimo." The good old gentleman cannot see that he did anything unwise in leaving these treasures in an empty house.

A certain literary school is very fond of asserting that romance is dead and its twin brother adventure dead with it. These gentlemen need only come and live in Italy to meet this pair, so dear to story tellers and their readers, alive and abroad in every thicket of broom and myrtle and under every deep shadowed archway haunted by the moon.

Her Amendment.

Flossie had seen something on the street which greatly amused her, and when she had concluded talking of it to her mother she drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"Why, mamma, I just thought I would bust."

"Gracious me, Flossie!" said the horrified mother. "You must use more elegant language than that."

"Well, then, break open," she said apologetically, and the amendment was accepted.—Detroit Free Press.

College students south are taking increasing interest in foot ball. Quite a tournament is expected at Atlanta's fete, Nov. 15 to 19.

Properly iqued at having $300,000 worth of opium smuggled into San Francisco, the government raided Chinatown with sixty deputies. The find was inconsiderable, though 300 places were searched.

O. P. H. Belmont is building an $80,000 stable at Newport.

No More Pomp and Glory in War.

"As weapons of war increase in effectiveness the average life of the soldier lengthens," said Colonel D. P. Bliss. "In olden times, when the spear and short sword were the chief weapons of war, the combatants fought hand to hand, and every man expected to hurt somebody or get hurt. Battles were decided by brute strength and personal courage. Now we pump shells at each other from a distance of five miles, and bullets at a range of a thousand yards. A man may fight for days without getting within hailing distance of a foe. Battles are decided by the disposition of troops—by standing prepared to annihilate whole divisions rather than by actually doing it. Our weapons are becoming so deadly that short range fighting is well nigh as suicidal as walking into a powder house and applying the match. The magazine rifle, gatling gun and dynamite bomb make the atmosphere entirely too unhealthy for a charging column anxious to distinguish itself with bayonet and saber.

"The glorious pomp and circumstance of war are giving place to mechanical killing. Achilles no longer hunts the fleeing Hector around the walls of Troy; no Lancelot rides forth to strike terror into the hearts of a horde of godless churls; no Henry of Navarre bids his soldiers follow where they see his white plume shine amid the ranks of war; nations no longer shrink from the prowess of a single arm. The poetry has departed from the profession of arms. The purse, the steel plate and smokeless powder have made personal prowess a matter of small concern."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

For Whitening and Purifying the Skin.

Pyrozone is simply hydrogen dioxide in ether, and it is valuable in removing certain skin growths and eruptions, such as flat wart and overlapping skin. An uneven skin can thus often be made smooth and and soft to the touch by proper application of this mixture. At first it whitens the skin unnaturally, and is accompanied by slight twinges of pain. Blistering does not occur, although the surrounding redness shows that the drug is powerful in its effect. Dermatol is a new drug that has been used for skin diseases, and it is formed by a combination of gallic acid and bismuth. It is a fine yellow in appearance and is perfectly odorless, nonpoisonous and nonirritating.

When the powder, or a solution of it, is applied to the skin there is no irritating effect, and no pain results from it when applied to wounds and ulcers. Nevertheless its action is beneficial, and it prevents the growth of micro-organisms, and heals up skin and flesh wounds easily. Burns of the skin can be healed up better with dermatol than any other drug, and it prevents to a large extent the disfiguring results which burns generally leave behind. It is more valuable in cleansing and purifying the skin than for destroying parasitic diseases.—Yankee Blade.

The Barometer Trees of Chileo.

One of the most remarkable productions of the Isles of Chileo is the celebrated "barometer trees," which grow in great profusion in all of the salt marshes. It belongs to the natural order euphorbiaceæ, and is believed to be a near relative of Siphonia elastica, the india rubber tree of Brazil. The wonderful traits of this tree were first made known to white men in 1884, the natives informing the De Young company that both the leaves and the bark of the trees were never failing weather prognosticators. In dry weather the bark of this natural barometer is as smooth and white as that of a sycamore, but with the near approach of storms these characteristics vanish like magic.

Twenty-four hours before a storm breaks over the little island the trunk of every tree of the species turns as black as ebony, save a few scattered patches of carmine, these latter markings being supposed to fortell great electrical disturbance. The leaves, too, which in their normal state hang laterally (as they do on all American trees), drop edgewise and tremble like things endowed with animal life and reason. Why not import a few thousand of them and do away with the signal service?—St. Louis Republic.

One of Conan Doyle's Characters.

It is said by Dr. Conan Doyle that the man who suggested to him the wonderfully intuitive and observant character, Sherlock Holmes, was Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh. "His intuitive powers," Dr. Doyle says, "were simply marvelous. Case No. 1 would step up. 'I see,' said Mr. Bell, 'you're suffering from drink. You even carry a flask in the inside breast pocket of your coat.'

"Another case would come forward. "'Cobbler, I see.' Then he would turn to the students and point out to them that the inside of the knee of the man's trousers was worn. That was where the man had rested the lapstone—a peculiarity only found in cobblers. All this impressed me very much. He was continually before me—his sharp, piercing gray eyes, eagle nose and striking features." This is the personality which is embodied in a great measure in Sherlock Holmes—a character not the least interesting in current fiction.—New York Tribune.

Military Precision.

Wit and presence of mind sometimes prevent audacity from giving offense. A story is told of a subordinate officer who so correctly estimated his general's character as to inspire in him a friendly feeling by a bit of daring repartee. He often dined at the same table with the general, and that same gentleman for some reason became tired of seeing him. So one day he said to the young man, "Do you know the military exercises?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. Right about face! March!"

"Pardon, general," said the soldier thus summarily ordered to go. "Have you forgotten the proper order? Before marching one must take one's place," and he sat down to the table, where he was joined by his superior officer.—Youth's Companion.

HYPNOTISM GAVE RELIEF.

A Protracted Case of Hiccoughing Cured by Means of Mesmerism.

An old man with a remarkable ailment hobbled into the city dispensary and sank exhausted into the examining chair. He was a colored man, apparently sixty years of age, and was hiccoughing violently. But his spasms were very weak, sometimes being noiseless and only noticeable by the horrible contortion of his features, as though they gave him excruciating pain. By the aid of signs and a few disjointed words the old man told Dr. Fitzpatrick that he had been hiccoughing since Saturday night at 11 o'clock, or about thirty-six hours. His name was Jake Pittman, and he lived at 8 North Levee, his occupation being that of a roustabout on the wharf boats.

While he was taking off his clothes he suddenly began to hiccough, and do what he might he could not stop. He tried all the known household remedies, such as drinking "nine swallows of water without thinking of a red fox's tail," chewing up two green onions "without letting the juice touch the left molar" and allowing his wife to fire a big pistol beside his ear to "scare them away." They were all fruitless efforts, and Pittman continued to hiccough with anything but agreeable regularity. All the neighbors on the block came in and prescribed with like result. All Saturday night he hiccoughed, all Sunday and all Sunday night. By Monday morning he was a deal more dead than alive. When he dragged himself into the dispensary he was scarcely able to walk.

For some time Dr. Fitzpatrick worked upon the unfortunate man, using a number of remedies that promised well, but bettered nothing. Then he had Pittman partially strip himself, and with the aid of an assistant bound a bandage around the patient's chest so tightly that he groaned from the pressure. This was to loosen the diaphragm, the apparatus directly affected, and seemed to produce some effect, for the hiccough spasms were less violent. But they were by no means stopped. Even with the bandage bound round so tightly that it seemed to sink into the flesh the curious disturbance kept up every half minute.

Dr. Fitzpatrick then decided to try hypnotism. He made several passes before Pittman's eyes with his hands and found the old man a ready patient. He followed the physician's eyes with painful intentness and seemed to completely lose the power of volition and motion. When he saw the hiccougher was under the "influence" Dr. Fitzpatrick suddenly commanded him to close his eyes "and sleep," still keeping up the passes, and as the obedient eyes dropped their lids and the patient's head sunk to his chest the operator exclaimed, "When you open your eyes you will stop hiccoughing." In a few minutes, with a few light taps on the ears and slaps on the face, Pittman was roused from the hypnotic sleep, and strange as it may seem his unnatural coughing stopped as quick. To say that he was overjoyed is naming Pittman's condition very mildly. He beamed all over, grabbed the physician's hand and pumped it for five minutes and skipped from end to end of the room like a schoolboy. Dr. Fitzpatrick had Pittman stay at the dispensary for over an hour to see if the hiccoughing would return, but it did not again materialize. Pittman left the old city hall the happiest man in St Louis.—St Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Story of James Payn.

Referring to the difficulty often experienced in identifying individuals, Mr. James Payn instances the following amusing example:

When I was a boy at Eton a cousin of mine, a professional man in Windsor, had procured the right to fish in Virginia water, and I sometimes went out with him, but of course without a rod—I got that when I returned to school for being late.

One day he was set upon by the keepers and accused of poaching. "My name is So-and-so," he said, "and you will find it on the list of those who have permission." It was on the list, sure enough, but they were dissatisfied with his identity. They said rather rudely that he did not look like a privileged person of any kind. Where was his card? Unfortunately he had no card. They said that was only what they expected; he did not look like a person who had visiting cards.

"You must come along with us; we take you into custody—both of you." Perhaps the personal peril sharpened my wits, for I suddenly exclaimed, "Is not your handkerchief marked with your name?" He was a bachelor, and nobody had inscribed it with her hair or otherwise, but my remark suggested a way out of the difficulty. Though his handkerchief was not marked his linen was, and he triumphantly showed it. To such shifts are some people—literally—put in order to establish their identity.

A Victim of the Good Czar.

One of the recruits to the little army of Russian exiles in London is I. Kelchevsky. Ten years ago he was exiled to Siberia for life for some trivial political offense, and like his fellow patriots, Volkhovsky and Stepniak, escaped to England, but unlike them took the bold course of escaping across Russian Europe instead of proceeding eastward by China and America. Mr. Kelchevsky is thirty years of age, of medium height, with the scholar's stoop, high forehead, dark eyes and pale complexion. He is an intelligent man, active in the course of Russian freedom.

He is manager of the Russian Free Press fund, which supplies to Russia books in the native tongue despite the czar's censorship. While in Warsaw prison awaiting his trial in solitary confinement, Kelchevsky incurred the displeasure of a Russian gendarme, who ran his bayonet through the prisoner's right hand, and left it frightfully mangled. There is no prison surgeon in Russia for "politicals," and the wound was left to heal of itself.—London Star.

ODD ARTICLES OF DIET.

Various Edible Things That Might Be Added to Man's Bill of Fare.

We should be sorry to be told all about the training of the turtle, which fattens mysteriously; still less should we inquire into the carnivorous habits of the conger eel, which is said to do duty for him. The rats that run loose about the sewers are decidedly to be avoided, but we have tasted the rats that have run riot in isolated wheat ricks, and we can conscientiously aver that they are both sweet and succulent.

Their flesh is white as that of a sweetbread and has unquestionably more flavor. We understand that field mice are still more delicate, and considering the simple and wholesome habits of their virtuous lives we can well believe it. The "Englishman in Paris" speaks of a salmi served soon after the beginning of the siege of the Commune, and the very memory of it seems to have made his mouth water. Yet the town mice scarcely gave the experiment a fair trial, for they had been snared on the bastions between the outer boulevards and the fortifications. There is no reason why squirrel should not be excellent, for the squirrel would hop into the saucepan ready flavored after having fattened on nuts and fragrant foliage.

Squirrels are small and shy and difficult to catch, so that we do not hear much of them even in gypsy cuisine. But the hedgehog figures frequently at those sylvan repasts, though he is hardly big enough to be sent to table as a piece de resistance. The primitive manner of cooking him supersedes the most costly refinements of elaborate batteries de cuisine. The elephant's foot, or rather the slice below the pastern, which is a famous dainty in eastern hunting camps, is treated on precisely similar principles, which shows that the simplest cookery of all nations has much in common, like their folklore. Shakespeare's British hedgepig, like its cousin, the porcupine, by the way, is shrouded in a plastic tenement of clay. Then he is laid to temporary rest in a bed of smoldering cinders. When supposed to be done to a turn, the dwarf pig is dug up, and then the prickly skin is detached with the splitting of the case of clay. All the generous juices, with their bouquet, have been confined and transfused.

We need not say that the frog is more palatable, although we do not think that in England we have the small green kind of the southern French swamps and the sedgy lakelets of Calabria. After all, these foreigners are only to our domestic friends as the oysters of Ostend or Marenness to the coarser of the British qualities. Toads are not to be tackled with impunity; the toad, like the skunk, is overcharged with venom, and he keeps the troops of his natural enemies at bay by the instinctive knowledge that he is an animated poison catapult. Nor is the snake often eaten in England. Yet we dare to say that snake meat might be preferable to starvation, or possibly to the stone breaking yard of a workhouse. We know at least that the iguana or great tree lizard of the tropics—and he claims very close kindred with the deadly serpents—is habitually served at the most sumptuous tables.

As Tom Cringle says, when breakfasting off iguana among the Cuban pirates, he should never have distinguished the creature from chicken had it not been that the bones are a trifle big. Messrs. Edwards and Bates and Wallace inform us that the canoe men on the upper tributaries of the Amazon can always make themselves happy with alligator, although they only have recourse to it as a last resort. Their chief objection is that the meat tastes musky. Even hardened alligator eaters, however, have qualms with regard to the cayman caught near their villages, for there is generally more than one notorious man eater, although identification is difficult, who has his haunt among the tree roots near some favorite bathing place, and on principles of reciprocity has a weakness for human beings.—London Saturday Review.

Why a Cold Affects the Hearing.

The drum or tympanum of the ear is a small air chamber, with hard, bony surroundings, ventilated by an air passage about 1½ inches long, called the eustachian tube, which passes forward and inward from the anterior part of the throat behind the nostrils. The atmospheric pressure required on the inner side of the drum to counterbalance that of the outer side is provided for by the communication of the eustachian tube with the throat in the acts of breathing and swallowing. Lining the hollow of the drum and forming the innermost layer of the drumhead is a delicate mucus membrane, which also lines the interior of the eustachian tube. If we have a cold in the head the vessels supplying the mucus membrane from the nose to the mouth expand, the blood within them flows slowly or stagnates and that in the mucus membrane becomes congested.

As a result there is more or less swelling, with augmentation of the natural secretions. The congestion is apt to be continued into the mucous membrane of the eustachian tube, which is thus obstructed. This causes the air in the drum to be rarefied, the drumhead and the little chain of bones connected with it are forced inward, and by causing excess of pressure of the internal ear produce deafness.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hobbies of the English Boy.

The average British boy contracts at least three hobbies before he reaches the mature age of fifteen—when he is perhaps more intent upon growing a mustache than anything else—the collection of old postage stamps, the keeping of pet animals or a love for the toy drama of the penny, plain and twopenny colored variety. Like most hobbies, the first named mania is but short lived, and the luckless stamp album, once the object of a tremendous affection, is thrown into the dust hole, never again to see light. But what is merely a temporary hobby with the boy becomes with some a lifelong passion in manhood.—Williams.

THE BEST

Remedy for colds, coughs, and the common disorders of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is universally recommended by the profession. It breaks up the phlegm, soothes inflammation, allays painful symptoms, and induces repose. In bronchitis and pneumonia, it affords speedy relief, and is unrivaled as a prompt and effective

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"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly astonishing how speedily they found relief, and were cured, after taking this preparation."—Miss Annette N. Moen, Fountain, Minn.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Buying Stamps in Hungary.

At the postoffice, where we went to buy our first Hungarian stamp, the gossiping old postmaster and his wife—characters not unfamiliar in the rural offices in other countries—were so overwhelmed by the extent of our requirements and the number of our letters that the wheels of official machinery refused to work at all. After they had carefully read all the addresses, and had marveled long at the range of our correspondence, we succeeded in communicating to their dazed senses the fact that we wanted to buy a stock of stamps of various denominations.

"What! so much money for stamps? Impossible!" protested the old man and his echoing wife. "You are already sending away florins and florins' worth on these letters!"

"But we want a stock of stamps to keep for our convenient use," we urged.

"Yes, yes, you want to use them, but why don't you buy them as you need them?" was the reply, as he shut the drawer under his elbow, apparently loath to part with any of its precious contents.

Arguments were useless, and we gave up the notion of securing a variety and tempered our demand to a humble request for a few ten kreutzer stamps for foreign postage.

"Ah, no!" he said. "I can't let you have any ten kreutzer stamps, for the sheets haven't been broken into yet, and it is near the end of the month, when I make up my books, and I can't have my accounts confused by selling ten kreutzer stamps to any one."

We compromised on a double number of five kreutzer stamps, the ones in use for local postage, and ornamented our envelopes with effigies of Franz Josef until they looked like the walls of a chromo dealer's shop.—F. D. Millet in Harper's.

A 4-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hyttle was run over by a wagon loaded with sand at Racine, Wis. She soon died.

George Lightcop of North Judson, Ind., bought a ticket over the Panhandle railway at Logansport, boarded the fast train, but was told this train would not stop at North Judson, and was compelled to pay full fare to Crown Point. The train stopped at North Judson and he sued for damages. He secured a verdict for $300.

Sixteen valuable hunting dogs, owned by the Brooklyn Gun club and attached to a common wire with which their collars and chains gave them metalic connection, were killed by one stroke of lightning. One Irish setter was worth $1,000.

Henry A. Schulte of Cincinnati was drowned in two feet of water at Ross lake. He was attacked with heart disease while standing in the water fishing.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 590 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 8 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 589 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 126 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh F Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEnaney, R S, 729 Hinman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2137 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Hewson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Joe A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstead; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 859 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Reilly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuss, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Meninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E E Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 93 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J E Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittzschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Eder, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Harnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 S Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Ang Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schuitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 229 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible] Wood st; P Mc[illegible] shall, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 156 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Smith, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krieger, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Noah, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 253 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 294 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 3594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L. Brisski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 26 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnise, F S; John B Drouin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 2137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schnaidar, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 2137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 595 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 109 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R, John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; E E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Ballihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 2013 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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State Delegate, L. Hanely, 27th st. and Lake Shore, Chicago.

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State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 53 E. Madison st, at 3 p. m.

County Delegate, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av

County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, D. Kirby, 466 W. Erie st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—J. J. Adamson, Pres, 532 W Fourteenth st; Mich'l Fogarty, V P; Edward Quinn, R S, 573 Ashland av; Christopher Carlin, F S; Jeremiah O'Brien, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday each month at 7:30 p. m. at 188 Blue Island av.

Div. No. 2—D F Murphy, Pres., Grand Crossing, Michael Harmon V. P.; R F. Brennen, Rec. sec., Grand Crossing; A. Harmon, Fin. sec.; Patrick J. O'Sullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Wm. J. L by, Rec Sec; Wm. Hede, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month in Society Hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins 231 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; Daniel Corcoran, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3236 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; R. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—William Sullivan, Pres. 130 Lytle st.; Patrick Carmody, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec., 3462 Marshfield av; James K. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 445 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; M. Doyle, V. P.; D. J. Mahoney, Rec. Sec.; P. J. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec., James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p m. cor Clark and Michigan sts.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres, S. Chicago; P. C. Finerty, V P.; Thomas White, Rec Sec, S Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T. Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m. in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—John B. O'Connor, Pres., 4722 Bishop st; James Small, V. P.; Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; Patrick O Brien, Fin Sec.; Wm Webb, Treas Meet first Sunday of month, Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av. 3 p m.

Div. No. 11—D. Kirby, Pres., 466 W Erie st; M. E. Lynch, V.-P.; T. J. Lamb, Rec. Sec., 578 W Erie st.; M. J. Bradshaw, Fin. Sec.; M. J. Corcoran, Treas. Meets 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts. 8 p m.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; v.-P. Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2338 Fifth av; V.P., Lawrence Henely; Rec. Sec., F. J. Conroy, 493 35th st; Fin. Sec, William Houlihan; Treas., Michael Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh-st. and Armour av.

Div. No. 18—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V-P., Daniel Daly; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 820 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Jeremia O'Hern; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first Thursday of each month at 3789 S. Halsted st., at 8 p m.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; John Shaughnessy, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 4604 Ashland av; M. Ryan, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av.

Div. No. 26—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., John Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st; Fin. Sec., James A. Walsh; Treas., Lawrence Brennan. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m. at Shields' hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, James Dolan, Pullman; V P, Wm J Carroll; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter J Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at 8 p m. in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 32—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3612 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; Rec sec, James Gannon, 3756 Union av; Fin sec, Michael Hughes; Treas, M. Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month cor 35th st. and Emerald av.

Div. No. 36—Pres, John T. Keating, 5627 Jackson av; V. P., W. A. Dunnes, Rec. Sec., W. M. McMahon, 5329 Stoney Island av; Fin. Sec., P. D. Ryan; Treas. J. J. Egan. Meet 2d and 4th Fr days at 8 p m, at 5647 Woodlawn av.

Div. 37—Pres, John F Dooley, 6359 Honore V P, Thos Kelly; Rec Sec, Michael McDermott, 6126 Wallace st; Fin Sec, M B Hoey; Treas, C. Melnerney. Meet 2d Sunday each month in St. Bernard's hall, 66th st. at 3 p m.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

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J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 2010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

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COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.

County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 533 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Aarcher ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick H. Carmody, 64 Brooks st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 268 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J. Keys; treas, F. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May st.

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FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 661 W. Lake-st. Pres, William J. Kenney, 7 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., E. Clancy, 238 N. Wood-st. Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Cloe. Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Joe E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at new hall 22 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month at 8 p. m. President, David V Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Michael Kenny; 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry Sec'y, J. J. Hackett, 20 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Cavanagh, President, 32 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. J. Foley; 2nd V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 519 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Ass't Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hayes; Marshal, E. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1850. Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts. Pres, John W. Clancy, 401 S May st.; V.-P., Martin O'Connell; Rec, James Cleary, 322 Maxwell st.; Fin. Sec, Alex Cairns; Treas., William Colbert; Marshal, James P. Gallagher.

ANNUN

HYPNOTISM GAVE RELIEF.

A Protracted Case of Hiccoughing Cured by Means of Mesmerism.

An old man with a remarkable ailment hobbled into the city dispensary and sank exhausted into the examining chair. He was a colored man, apparently sixty years of age, and was hiccoughing violently. But his spasms were very weak, sometimes being noiseless and only noticeable by the horrible contortion of his features, as though they gave him excruciating pain. By the aid of signs and a few disjointed words the old man told Dr. Fitzpatrick that he had been hiccoughing since Saturday night at 11 o'clock, or about thirty-six hours. His name was Jake Pittman, and he lived at 8 North Levee, his occupation being that of a roustabout on the wharf boats.

While he was taking off his clothes he suddenly began to hiccough, and do what he might he could not stop. He tried all the known household remedies, such as drinking "nine swallows of water without thinking of a red fox's tail," chewing up two green onions "without letting the juice touch the left molar" and allowing his wife to fire a big pistol beside his ear to "scare them away." They were all fruitless efforts, and Pittman continued to hiccough with anything but agreeable regularity. All the neighbors on the block came in and prescribed with like result. All Saturday night he hiccoughed, all Sunday and all Sunday night. By Monday morning he was a deal more dead than alive. When he dragged himself into the dispensary he was scarcely able to walk.

For some time Dr. Fitzpatrick worked upon the unfortunate man, using a number of remedies that promised well, but bettered nothing. Then he had Pittman partially strip himself, and with the aid of an assistant bound a bandage around the patient's chest so tightly that he groaned from the pressure. This was to loosen the diaphragm, the apparatus directly affected, and seemed to produce some effect, for the hiccough spasms were less violent. But they were by no means stopped. Even with the bandage bound round so tightly that it seemed to sink into the flesh the curious disturbance kept up every half minute.

Dr. Fitzpatrick then decided to try hypnotism. He made several passes before Pittman's eyes with his hands and found the old man a ready patient. He followed the physician's eyes with painful intentness and seemed to completely lose the power of volition and motion. When he saw the hiccougher was under the "influence" Dr. Fitzpatrick suddenly commanded him to close his eyes "and sleep," still keeping up the passes, and as the obedient eyes dropped their lids and the patient's head sunk to his chest the operator exclaimed, "When you open your eyes you will stop hiccoughing." In a few minutes, with a few light taps on the ears and slaps on the face, Pittman was roused from the hypnotic sleep, and strange as it may seem his unnatural coughing stopped as quick. To say that he was overjoyed is naming Pittman's condition very mildly. He beamed all over, grabbed the physician's hand and pumped it for five minutes and skipped from end to end of the room like a schoolboy. Dr. Fitzpatrick had Pittman stay at the dispensary for over an hour to see if the hiccoughing would return, but it did not again materialize. Pittman left the old city hall the happiest man in St Louis.—St Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Story of James Payn.

Referring to the difficulty often experienced in identifying individuals, Mr. James Payn instances the following amusing example:

When I was a boy at Eton a cousin of mine, a professional man in Windsor, had procured the right to fish in Virginia water, and I sometimes went out with him, but of course without a rod—I got that when I returned to school for being late.

One day he was set upon by the keepers and accused of poaching. "My name is So-and-so," he said, "and you will find it on the list of those who have permission." It was on the list, sure enough, but they were dissatisfied with his identity. They said rather rudely that he did not look like a privileged person of any kind. Where was his card? Unfortunately he had no card. They said that was only what they expected; he did not look like a person who had visiting cards.

"You must come along with us; we take you into custody—both of you." Perhaps the personal peril sharpened my wits, for I suddenly exclaimed, "Is not your handkerchief marked with your name?" He was a bachelor, and nobody had inscribed it with her hair or otherwise, but my remark suggested a way out of the difficulty. Though his handkerchief was not marked his linen was, and he triumphantly showed it. To such shifts are some people—literally—put in order to establish their identity.

A Victim of the Good Czar.

One of the recruits to the little army of Russian exiles in London is I. Kelchevsky. Ten years ago he was exiled to Siberia for life for some trivial political offense, and like his fellow patriots, Volkhovsky and Stepniak, escaped to England, but unlike them took the bold course of escaping across Russian Europe instead of proceeding eastward by China and America. Mr. Kelchevsky is thirty years of age, of medium height, with the scholar's stoop, high forehead, dark eyes and pale complexion. He is an intelligent man, active in the course of Russian freedom.

He is manager of the Russian Free Press fund, which supplies to Russia books in the native tongue despite the czar's censorship. While in Warsaw prison awaiting his trial in solitary confinement, Kelchevsky incurred the displeasure of a Russian gendarme, who ran his bayonet through the prisoner's right hand, and left it frightfully mangled. There is no prison surgeon in Russia for "politicals," and the wound was left to heal of itself.—London Star.

No More Pomp and Glory in War.

"As weapons of war increase in effectiveness the average life of the soldier lengthens," said Colonel D. P. Bliss. "In olden times, when the spear and short sword were the chief weapons of war, the combatants fought hand to hand, and every man expected to hurt somebody or get hurt. Battles were decided by brute strength and personal courage. Now we pump shells at each other from a distance of five miles, and bullets at a range of a thousand yards. A man may fight for days without getting within hailing distance of a foe. Battles are decided by the disposition of troops—by standing prepared to annihilate whole divisions rather than by actually doing it. Our weapons are becoming so deadly that short range fighting is well nigh as suicidal as walking into a powder house and applying the match. The magazine rifle, gatling gun and dynamite bomb make the atmosphere entirely too unhealthy for a charging column anxious to distinguish itself with bayonet and saber.

"The glorious pomp and circumstance of war are giving place to mechanical killing. Achilles no longer hunts the fleeing Hector around the walls of Troy; no Lancelot rides forth to strike terror into the hearts of a horde of godless churls; no Henry of Navarre bids his soldiers follow where they see his white plume shine amid the ranks of war; nations no longer shrink from the prowess of a single arm. The poetry has departed from the profession of arms. The purse, the steel plate and smokeless powder have made personal prowess a matter of small concern."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

For Whitening and Purifying the Skin.

Pyrozone is simply hydrogen dioxide in ether, and it is valuable in removing certain skin growths and eruptions, such as flat wart and overlapping skin. An uneven skin can thus often be made smooth and and soft to the touch by proper application of this mixture. At first it whitens the skin unnaturally, and is accompanied by slight twinges of pain. Blistering does not occur, although the surrounding redness shows that the drug is powerful in its effect. Dermatol is a new drug that has been used for skin diseases, and it is formed by a combination of gallic acid and bismuth. It is a fine yellow in appearance and is perfectly odorless, nonpoisonous and nonirritating.

When the powder, or a solution of it, is applied to the skin there is no irritating effect, and no pain results from it when applied to wounds and ulcers. Nevertheless its action is beneficial, and it prevents the growth of micro-organisms, and heals up skin and flesh wounds easily. Burns of the skin can be healed up better with dermatol than any other drug, and it prevents to a large extent the disfiguring results which burns generally leave behind. It is more valuable in cleansing and purifying the skin than for destroying parasitic diseases.—Yankee Blade.

The Barometer Trees of Chileo.

One of the most remarkable productions of the Isles of Chileo is the celebrated "barometer trees," which grow in great profusion in all of the salt marshes. It belongs to the natural order euphorbiaceæ, and is believed to be a near relative of Siphonia elastica, the india rubber tree of Brazil. The wonderful traits of this tree were first made known to white men in 1884, the natives informing the De Young company that both the leaves and the bark of the trees were never failing weather prognosticators. In dry weather the bark of this natural barometer is as smooth and white as that of a sycamore, but with the near approach of storms these characteristics vanish like magic.

Twenty-four hours before a storm breaks over the little island the trunk of every tree of the species turns as black as ebony, save a few scattered patches of carmine, these latter markings being supposed to fortell great electrical disturbance. The leaves, too, which in their normal state hang laterally (as they do on all American trees), drop edgewise and tremble like things endowed with animal life and reason. Why not import a few thousand of them and do away with the signal service?—St. Louis Republic.

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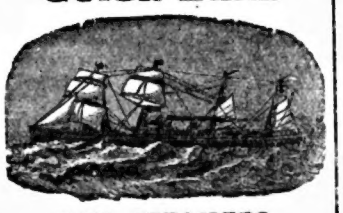

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THE COST OF AN EDUCATION.

HUSBAND—"My dear, our boy Robert graduates from the public schools very soon, you know. Have you thought what he had best do then?"

WIFE—"Well, John, I'd like ever so much to send him to college if you think we could afford it."

HUSBAND—"I'm afraid that is out of the question, my dear. Do you know it would cost at the very least $800 a year for him at any good college?"

WIFE—"Goodness, as much as that? Of course we can't send him. But I do want to give him a good start in the world, and I don't think a public school education is enough to equip him for the battle of life."

HUSBAND—"No, it is not today, when education is so general. Now, I've been set a thinking by an advertisement I saw in our paper the other day and that is why I brought up the subject tonight. The trouble is I think, that most young persons stumble into business, are thrown into it by accident or temporary necessity, or are drawn to it by misguided ambition or a perverted fancy, without any serious thought as to their real fitness for it. When the years for learning the theory and practice of their trade or profession are passed they often awake with regret and dismay, to the fact that they have not only made a mistake in their selection, but have wasted the precious years of early manhood upon a wrong pursuit.

"Now, the chief thing for our boy's success in life is not education as much as *proper education*, that is, education along the line of his natural bent. It's a year or two before he graduates. I'm going to give him an opportunity of doing a little study at home during this time. I was reading about the Revised Encyclopædia Britannica today, and it's really a great thing. With these books in the house, Robert will have information upon every possible subject, and it is the most reliable information in the world. Whatever his natural bent is he can find proper development for it in this encyclopædia, whether it's the law, mechanics, engineering, literature or any of the arts and sciences. Besides, there he will find the life stories of all the great men of the past and he will know of their efforts, their struggles and their successes, and he may have a better and more serious view of life. These books have in them all the instruction he can get in a college education. Honestly, our paper has given us a great opportunity. Now, my dear, what do you think of my scheme?"

WIFE—"It's just splendid, John; but what will the books cost?"

HUSBAND—"Why, that's the most surprising thing of all. We can get them for only ten cents a day, just think of it. Here is the offer."

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